

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 355.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1834.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
(J. HOLMES, TUCKER'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*The Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.* Vol. I. London: Seeley & Burnside.

IN the present epoch of our literature, when the writings of our gifted countrywomen deservedly occupy so large a share of public attention, such a work as the one before us would be curious, if only viewed as an illustration of the habits and productions of the *bas bleus* of the last generation—if we only read it for the purpose of comparing the circle which boasted of a More, a Burney, a Carter, a Thrale, a Montagu, and a Delany, with the brilliant company of living authoresses we possess. The result of such a comparison, we are sure, would leave us no reason to regret that we did not live and edit our journal in the days to which this volume refers. In spite of all that it tells us of the life and wit of their literary circles, when we disengage ourselves from the *prestige* which clings to the past, we cannot but regard them as an architect must now regard Strawberry Hill, as an interesting monument of the best taste of the period in which it was built, and the forerunner of structures of a more rich and perfect architecture—but, intrinsically, by no means the miracle we are led to imagine it, from the letters of its sparkling and (on that subject) enthusiastic lord and master. We cannot but think that the repartees and epigrams which were voted brilliant at the Vesey's, might now appear to us pompous and trifling; we doubt whether we should not consider the "ancient and pleasant *Jenynses*," and the stately Mrs. Montagu, a little dull and artificial. Those could be no days of imagination when 'Sir Eldred' and the 'Bleeding Rock' were wept over. Since then we have advanced from monotonous twilight into varied noon-day—from regions of trim barrenness, into luxuriant fairy-lands and stirring scenes of nature; and we cannot but rejoice in such a change for the better.

But even if we avoid a comparison which it is so impossible to help making, this book is an interesting one, as adding another link to the chain of memoir and anecdote begun by the Letters of Walpole and Garrick, and by Boswell's and Madame d'Arbly's Memoirs. We have elsewhere stated it to be our conviction, that Miss More was one of the few literary persons who had enjoyed the full reward due to them in their lifetime. Her industry and thirst for knowledge were amply repaid and satisfied by the notice and friendship of such men as Garrick, and Johnson, and Walpole. Her polished and agreeable manners procured her admission into select and high society; the serious tone of some of her works, and the practical usefulness of others, caused her to be respected by learned and pious men; and her labours were crowned with considerable pecuniary

success. All these things she fairly earned and enjoyed. We are not so sure, that for any talent of which she gave evidence, her name deserves to live, though it may be long mentioned in conjunction with those of her more brilliantly gifted associates.

The events of her life are almost entirely told in a series of letters addressed to and written by not a few celebrated persons. She was the youngest but one of five daughters of Jacob More, a man descended from a respectable Norfolk family, who had removed into Gloucestershire, in which county she was born. She received a better education than was customary at that time, from the circumstance of her elder sisters having been brought up with a view of themselves becoming schoolmistresses. Her father too, we are told, "instructed his daughter in the rudiments of the Latin language and mathematics, and was frightened at his own success." Her mother, less fearful, though not so well instructed, encouraged her to cultivate her tastes in every possible way.

She was a scribbler almost from infancy; and among her first efforts were 'suppositions' letters to depraved characters, to reclaim them from their errors; and letters in return, expressive of contrition and amendment.' When she was yet very young, she removed with her sisters to Bristol; and, in her sixteenth year, secured an acquaintance with the elder Sheridan, then lecturing there on eloquence, by a copy of verses she addressed to him. When seventeen she wrote the pastoral drama of the 'Search after Happiness,' lately revived in our memories by Miss Mitford's inimitable sketch of the amateur play in the boarding-school.

We come now to the correspondence. The first letters, we find, are those from Langhorne, the poet,—containing, as do most of the series, too much of the honey of compliment, and yet too good to be passed, if there were not better beyond. From these we proceed to an account of her matrimonial disappointment, which we cannot quite understand. It procured her, however, a competent income, so that henceforth she was free to devote herself to her literary pursuits,—and appears to have had the effect of making her resolve to continue for the remainder of her life in a state of single blessedness.

Very soon after this we read of her first introduction to the gay and gifted of the metropolis; and here the interest of the book begins, and with it our extracts. It is amusing to find her speaking so *encouragingly* of Sheridan's 'Rivals,' and remember the comparative success of his and her own dramatic efforts:—

"We have been to see the new comedy of young Sheridan, 'The Rivals.' It was very unfavourably received the first night, and he had the prudence to prevent a total defeat, by withdrawing it, and making great and various im-

provements; the event has been successful, for it is now *better* though not *very* much liked. For my own part, I think he ought to be treated with great indulgence: much is to be forgiven in an author of three and twenty, whose genius is likely to be his principal inheritance."

Her praise was always rather measured for one so young. A few lines further on we have another critical *morceau*.

"I wish I could convey Dr. Johnson's 'Journey to the Hebrides' to you; Cadell tells me he sold 4000 of them the first week. It is an agreeable work, though the subject is sterility itself: he knows how to avail himself of the commonest circumstances, and trifles are no longer trifles when they have passed through his hands. He makes the most entertaining and useful reflections on every occurrence; and when occurrences fail, he has a never-failing fund in his own accomplished and prolific mind."

We pass over her introductions to Garrick and the Burkes. Here is her sister's lively account of her first interview with Dr. Johnson, who met her, we are told, "with good humour on his countenance, and a macaw of Sir Joshua's in his hand."

"We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds. She had sent to engage Dr. Percy (Percy's collection—now you know him), quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone, than the most amiable and obliging of women (Miss Reynolds) ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson's *very own house*; yes, Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his, just going to the press, (the *Tour to the Hebrides*), and his old friend Richardson. Mrs. Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners; her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said 'She was a *silly thing*.' When our visit was ended, he called for his hat (as it rained), to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's, Wednesday evening. What do you think of us?"

"I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius; when he heard it, he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself when they stopt a night at the spot (as they imagined) where the *Weird Sisters* appeared to Macbeth: the idea so worked upon their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest; however, they learned, the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country."

There is something very sweet as well as sprightly in the pleasure her less celebrated sisters took in her success; and we admire this all the more for discerning a certain *composure* in her own letters, which in places trenches on vanity.

We must also pass over her introductions to Mrs. Montagu, and other women of note; and the elaborate compliments she received on the publication of 'Sir Eldred' and the 'Bleeding Rock'; and her strictures on the absurdity of the dress of the times (many ladies choosing to wear on their heads a large quantity of fruit); and come to another cheerful letter of her sister's.

"If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs. Montagu says, if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things; for it is nothing but 'child'—'little fool'—'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence, we should have done had only our own dear Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; showing how we were born with more desires than guineas; and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house, with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *learning*—a good thing when land is gone, or rather none; and so at last, by giving a little of this little *learning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it.—'I love you both,' cried the innamorato.—'I love you all five.—I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you—what! five women live happily together!—I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you; you live lives to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner."

A little further we have a curious scene from the pen of the lady herself: while we extract it, we cannot forbear remembering, by contrast, the girlish authoress of 'Evelina' dancing round the mulberry-tree, in the ecstasy of her first literary success:—

"I'll tell you the most ridiculous circumstance in the world. After dinner Garrick took up the Monthly Review (civil gentlemen, by the bye, these Monthly Reviewers), and read 'Sir Eldred' with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively, that I cried like a child. Only think what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which, I can truly say, is far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I did for crying at my own verses. She got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and I, by saying the same thing of the reading."

But the pleasantest parts of the volume are those wherein she forgets her desire of "studying like a dragon," and saying wise things (like Common Sense in the song), and gives us lively spontaneous accounts of the sights to which her celebrity introduced her. Here, for instance, is an amusing picture of the trial of the Duchess of Kingston:—

"I wish it were possible for me to give you the slightest idea of the scene I was present at

yesterday. Garrick would make me take his ticket to go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston; a sight which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation, or a trial by peers, can have the least notion of. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. At eight we went to the Duke of Newcastle's, whose house adjoins Westminster Hall, in which he has a large gallery, communicating with the apartments in his house. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! yet in all this hurry, we walked in tranquilly. When they were all seated, and the King-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment, (which, however, was very ill observed,) the gentleman of the black rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by black rod and Mr. la Roche, courtesying profoundly to her judges: when she bent, the lord steward called out, 'Madam, you may rise;' which, I think, was literally taking her up before she was down. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning, a black hood on her head, her hair modestly dressed and powdered, a black silk sace, with erape trimmings; black gauze deep ruffles, and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words; but his sense and his expression, pointed to the last degree; he made her Grace shed bitter tears. I had the pleasure of hearing several of the lords speak, though nothing more than proposals on common things. Among these were Lyttleton, Talbot, Townsend, and Camden. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs. Rudd, and affected to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote as they do their love epistles on the stage, without forming a letter. I must not omit one of the best things; we had only to open a door, to get at a very fine cold collation of all sorts of meats and wines, with tea, &c.—a privilege confined to those who belonged to the Duke of Newcastle. I fancy the peeresses would have been glad of our places at the trial, for I saw Lady Derby and the Duchess of Devonshire with their work-bags full of good things. Their rank and dignity did not exempt them from the 'villanous appetites' of eating and drinking.

"Foote says that the Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Kingston, and Mrs. Rudd, are the three most extraordinary women in Europe; but the duchess disdainfully, and I think unjustly, excludes Mrs. Rudd from the honour of deserving to make one in the triple alliance. The duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured; she looked very much like Mrs. Pritchard; she is large and ill shaped; there was nothing white but her face, and had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazeen. There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense: they adjourned upon the most foolish pretences imaginable, and did nothing with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous. I forgot to tell you the duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly."

About this time she became interested in theatrical matters, and witnessed her friend Garrick's taking leave of the stage, by playing the round of his favourite characters. It appears as if this had excited her emulation in no small degree; for the next thing of any consequence we read of (though some agreeable chit-chat intervenes), is the writing and bringing forward of her maiden tragedy 'Percy,' to which Garrick wrote a prologue. Here is a fragment from one of her own

letters, touching repayment for this and the epilogue:—

"When Garrick had finished his prologue and epilogue (which are excellent), he desired I would pay him. Dryden, he said, used to have five guineas a piece; but as he was a richer man, he would be content if I would treat him with a handsome supper and a bottle of claret. We haggled sadly about the price, I insisting that I could only afford to give him a beef steak and a pot of porter; and at about twelve we sat down to some toast and honey, with which the temperate bard contented himself. Several very great ones made interest to hear Garrick read the play, which he peremptorily refused."

This tragedy had abundant success. The following tribute to it is characteristic of the *Della Cruscan* taste of the times:—

"Just returned from Percy, the theatre overflowed prodigiously, notwithstanding their Majesties and the School for Scandal at the other house. Yes: we did overflow, the twelfth night! On entering the parlour, where Hannah was sitting alone, our eyes were greeted with the sight of a wreath, composed of a Roman laurel, ingeniously interwoven, and the stems confined within an elegant ring. From whence you will ask could such a fanciful thought proceed? I answer from Mrs. Boscawen. It originated at Glanvilla, where the wreath was made. The letter which accompanied it was an elegant *moreau*."

It is curious to compare the entire account of the production of this now-forgotten play, with the naive and artless description of her restlessness on the first night of one of her tragedies, given by the most successful dramatic authoress of our own days. Miss More went again and again to weep at her own 'Percy.' Further on we have a short notice of Sheridan and his wife:—

"We have been here a week; Mrs. Sheridan is with us, and her husband comes down on evenings. I find I have mistaken this lady; she is unaffected and sensible; converses and reads extremely well, and writes prettily. To be sure there may be wiser parties in the world than ours, but I question if there is one more cheerful. Ought one to own it, that the great English Roscius, and the best English dramatic poet, (to say nothing of the ladies, who set up for something too,) that these great geniuses, I say, sit up till midnight, playing at cross-purposes, crooked answers, and what's my thought like? yet it is true you never heard a set of wits utter half so much nonsense!"

But this lively circle was doomed, ere long, to be broken up by the death of Garrick. We can forgive our authoress much of her over complacency, for the sake of the grateful and genuine feeling she showed on his decease. Her account of this great artist's funeral is striking:—

"We (Miss Cadogan and myself,) went to Charing Cross to see the melancholy procession. Just as we got there we received a ticket from the Bishop of Rochester, to admit us into the Abbey. No admittance could be obtained but under his hand. We hurried away in a hackney coach, dreading to be too late. The bell of St. Martin's and the Abbey gave a sound that smote upon my very soul. When we got to the cloisters, we found multitudes striving for admittance. We gave our ticket, and were let in, but unluckily we ought to have kept it. We followed the man who unlocked a door of iron, and directly closed it upon us, and two or three others, and we found ourselves in a tower, with a dark winding staircase, consisting of half a hundred stone steps. When we got to the top there was no way out; we ran down again, called, and beat the door till the whole pile resounded with

our cries. Here we staid half an hour in perfect agony; we were sure it would be all over; nay, we might never be let out; we might starve; nay, we might perish. At length our clamours brought an honest man,—a guardian angel I then thought him. We implored him to take care of us, and get us into a part of the abbey whence we might see the grave. He asked for the Bishop's ticket; we had given it away to the wrong person; and he was not obliged to believe we ever had one; yet he saw so much truth in our grief, that though we were most shabby, and a hundred fine people were soliciting the same favour, he took us under each arm—carried us safely through the crowd, and put us in a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could see and hear everything as distinctly as if the Abbey had been a parlour. Little things sometimes affect the mind strongly! We were no sooner recovered from the fresh burst of grief than I cast my eyes, the first thing, on Handel's monument, and read the scroll in his hand, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Just at three the great doors burst open with a noise that shook the roof; the organ struck up, and the whole choir in strains only less solemn than the 'archangel's trump,' began Handel's fine anthem. The whole choir advanced to the grave, in hoods and surplices, singing all the way; then Sheridan, as chief-mourner; then the body, (alas! whose body!) with ten noblemen and gentlemen, pall-bearers; then the rest of the friends and mourners; hardly a dry eye,—the very players, bred to the trade of counterfeiting, shed genuine tears.

"As soon as the body was let down, the bishop began the service, which he read in a low, but solemn and devout manner. Such an awful stillness reigned, that every word was audible. How I felt it! Judge if my heart did not assent to the wish, that the soul of our dear brother now departed was in peace. And this is all of Garrick! Yet a very little while, and he shall 'say to the worm, Thou art my brother; and to corruption, Thou art my mother and my sister.' So passes away the fashion of this world. And the very night he was buried, the playhouses were as full, and the Pantheon was as crowded, as if no such thing had happened: nay, the very mourners of the day partook of the revelries of the night,—the same night too! \*\*\*

"She (Mrs. Garrick) bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed, in which he had died that day fortnight. She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the next day how she went through it? She told me very well; that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure."

With Garrick's death much of the life of the volume closes. Thenceforward Miss More passed most of her winters at Hampton with his widow, occasionally visiting London, and devoting herself with increasing energy to composition. She took leave of the theatre with a second tragedy, entitled 'Fatal Falsehood,' which appears only to have been partially successful: a little anecdote told concerning it is human nature all over:—

"A lady observing to one of her maid-servants, when she came in from the play, that her eyes looked red, as if she had been crying, the girl, by way of apology, said, Well, ma'am, if I did it was no harm; a great many respectable people cried too."

Of her goings to and fro among the coteries we can make no particular mention, though the detail is gossiping and curiously characteristic. She appears about this time to have made many friendships among grave

and learned men. One anecdote of Johnson, however, we must give:—

"Mrs. B. having repeatedly desired Johnson to look over her new play of the 'Siege of Sinope' before it was acted, he always found means to evade it; at last she pressed him so closely that he actually refused to do it, and told her that she herself, by carefully looking it over, would be able to see if there was anything amiss as well as he could. 'But, sir,' said she, 'I have no time. I have already so many irons in the fire.' 'Why then, madam,' said he, (quite out of patience,) 'the best thing I can advise you to do is, to put your tragedy along with your irons.'"

We have no more than a passing notice of Horace Walpole; and when we remember his half-playful, half-ironical letters to her, we are disappointed to hear so little of one whose name always comes over us like a charm. Miss More's next publication was her 'Sacred Dramas,' and 'Sensibility,' addressed to Mrs. Boscawen. A line extracted from this poem was placed over the portrait of Dr. Johnson (in his own) Pembroke College, which, she tells us, "it amused her to see there." We have after this much fetching and carrying of bays—some what too much of Lælius and the lady of Glanville—but such was the literary intercourse of the time; and though we may fret over the schisms and partisanship of our own day, such collision—almost any thing—is better for the cause of literature, than such a sickly state of matters as gave occasion to the satire—

Tuneful poet—England's glory—

Mr. Hayley, that is you.—

Ma'am—you carry all before you,

Trust me, Litchfield Swan, you do.

We have only room for a few more scattered anecdotes:—

"I have just returned from Mrs. Montagu's, where I sat close by Lord Rodney, crowned with laurel and glory. Mrs. Pepys proposed that all the women in the room should go up and salute him, and wanted me to begin; I professed that I would willingly be the second, but who would be the first? Nobody choosing to undertake it, so fine a project fell to the ground. He looks more like a delicate feeble man of quality than a hero."

The history of Mrs. Yearsley (called in the language of the coteries Lactilla), and her ingratitude, is too well known to render it necessary for us to do more than allude to it. The death of Johnson, too, we cannot notice, save to give a short extract characteristic of the man.

"I now recollect with melancholy pleasure two little anecdotes of this departed genius, indicating a zeal for religion which one cannot but admire, however characteristically rough. When the Abbé Raynal was introduced to him, upon the Abbé's advancing to take his hand, Doctor J. drew back and put his hands behind him, and afterwards replied to the expostulation of a friend, 'Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel!' At another time, I remember asking him if he did not think the Dean of Derry a very agreeable man, to which he made no answer; and on my repeating my question, 'Child,' said he, 'I will not speak anything in favour of a Sabbath-breaker, to please you, nor anyone else.'"

The volume concludes with an account of Mrs. More's settlement at Cowslip Green. It has amused us much; and we look forward with pleasure to those which are to come.

*Memoirs of Spain, during the reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II., from 1621 to 1700.* By John Dunlop, Author of the 'History of Fiction,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: T. Clark; London, Whittaker & Co.

THE volumes before us fill up a gap in our Spanish Memoirs, connecting Watson's Lives of Philip II. and III. with Coxe's Memoirs of the Bourbon Kings of Spain. To say that Mr. Dunlop's book is not very interesting, is only to say, in other words, that the reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II. formed the period of Spain's utter degradation and degeneracy,—when the monarch, upon whose dominions the sun never set, almost ceased to rank amongst the Powers of Europe. For though the history of such ruin in such an empire might abound with important instruction to the philosopher and the politician, we have no right to demand the labour requisite for such a work from the writer of memoirs; and we willingly acknowledge our obligation to Mr. Dunlop for this contribution towards Spanish History. He has not, indeed, brought any new information to light, and he relies too much, we think, upon French authorities. But he has collected matter, previously dispersed through various works, into one consecutive, and (although his style be sometimes awkward, if not incorrect,) agreeable, and often lively narrative. The chief faults of his book are, the want of an introductory sketch of the then state of Europe, and the pursuing the subject too far. Memoirs of Philip IV. and Charles II. should end with the death of the latter, or, at the latest, with the recognition of Philip V., not continue to the beginning of the Succession war.

One of the most important domestic events of these eighty years was the Catalan rebellion, and we extract the account of its origin and outbreaking, as neither uninteresting nor unimportant.

"Fifteen years had now elapsed [in 1640] since the king, by advice of Olivarez, had proceeded to Barcelona with the unpopular object of compelling the Catalans to double their annual gratuity. The measure, it is true, was abandoned; but the arrogance of Olivarez,—the tumult which arose in the assembly of the States, in consequence of one of the Catalan representatives having drawn his sword on the Duke of Cardona,—and the abrupt departure of the monarch from Barcelona, had excited those embittered feelings between the court and the people, which were ready to burst forth into open hostilities on any renewed provocation. Olivarez long smothered his resentment, and, from the apprehension of popular tumults, he refrained, during many years, from any farther invasion of the Catalonian privileges. But a long protracted war [with France and Holland] the expenses of which always increased as the resources of the monarchy declined, again turned his thoughts to this fatal object. \* \* \* The prosperous and unexhausted state of Catalonia, which had continued to flourish amid the misery and depopulation of the rest of Spain, presented peculiar temptations to a financier. At this time the province contained more than a million of inhabitants, and its capital, Barcelona, was accounted the wealthiest city in Spain. \* \* \* The king imposed a tax on Catalonia proportioned to its population and wealth. He at the same time issued an order that 6000 Catalans should reinforce the army in Italy, and he commissioned the marshals of the household to mark out cantonments in the province



for a royal army which was about to act on the side of the Pyrenees. \* \* \*

"The intelligence of the new impost excited a great sensation in Catalonia, and a determined spirit of resistance. This ferment was increased when the viceroy, instigated by Olivarez, seized on a fund which was at the disposal of the city of Barcelona, without consulting the municipal corporation, and when one of its members having remonstrated against this spoliation, was violently thrown into prison.

"The lax discipline, however, of the royal troops stationed in Catalonia, and the outrages committed by them, were the proximate causes of the insurrection. \* \* \* The excesses of a licentious and ferocious soldiery had long created discontents; and, in order to be relieved of this burden, the Catalans had offered to defend their own towns,—hinting, that if any strangers (in which denomination they classed the Castilians as well as the French) entered their province with arms, they should be accounted and treated as enemies."

Exemption from quartering foreign troops, meaning those of other Spanish provinces, was a chief Catalonian privilege. We omit the detail of the tumults between the soldiery and peasantry.

"The Viceroy, Santa-Coloma, had from time to time informed the king of the disturbed state of the province which he governed; and at length suggested a choice of two different measures for allaying the commotions. One was to withdraw the military altogether from Catalonia; the other to augment the troops to such a number, that the inhabitants, sensible of their inferiority, would return to implicit submission and obedience. \* \* \* Olivarez, always slow in believing disastrous intelligence, adopted neither of the measures proposed by Santa-Coloma; and by his ambiguous answer, left that unhappy Viceroy in greater perplexity than before. While in this uncertainty, he was waited on by three of the magistrates of Barcelona, as deputies of the citizens, who represented their grievances, pointed out the remedies, and hinted at the formation of a political society among the people. The Viceroy received the first mission ungraciously; and on their seeking his presence a second time, he threw the deputies into confinement.

"The Catalans had always held their native magistrates in high respect and esteem. Their imprisonment excited a great sensation, and animated all classes with hatred against the Viceroy. At length an insurrection broke out on the 12th of May, when the citizens of Barcelona, aided by some bands of peasantry who had entered the town, broke open the prison, released the deputies, and threatened an attack on the viceregal palace.

"This tumult, however, subsided, and the inhabitants of Barcelona might perhaps have remained satisfied with the release of their magistrates. But a greater danger was to be apprehended from the mountaineers of Catalonia, a hardy and temperate, but a lawless and vindictive race. \* \* \* One of the present leaders of these freebooters, called Pedro de Santa-Cecilia-y-Paz, was reported to have slain, with his own hand, 325 persons. They used musketoes called *pedernates*, which were slung round their waists with a leather belt: they despised swords, which they deemed cumbersome, but they always carried girdle knives. They wore long woollen caps or bonnets, which hung over behind the head, and were striped [query, striped?] like Highland tartan, with various colours, to distinguish the respective troops to which they belonged. Large wide cloaks, of a coarse sort of frieze called *xerga*, covered the upper parts of their bodies. Sashes, frequently of silk, were twisted round their loins, and on

their feet they had mountain sandals, made of hemp or cow's hide, laced up to their ankles. In this garb they often left their hills and fastnesses to prey on the inhabitants of the plain.

"Even among these daring mountaineers, the *Segadores* or reapers were noted as a disolute and audacious race. \* \* \* It was the annual custom that these lawless bands should enter Barcelona on the eve of Corpus Christi day, which happened in June, when the reaping season commenced. On the present occasion immense troops descended from the mountains, and approached the walls of Barcelona. The unusual multitude excited the utmost apprehension in the mind of the Viceroy. He informed the magistrates of his fears, and proposed that the gates should be shut to prevent the entrance of an excessive number, lest (as he alleged) the celebration of the ensuing religious festival should be in any way disturbed or interrupted. The magistracy excused themselves from compliance, on the grounds—that the reapers were mild and affable people, from whom no danger whatever was to be apprehended; that their admittance was indispensable for gathering the harvest round Barcelona, and that to shut the gates against them would create more tumult than any that could be reasonably anticipated in consequence of their reception. From the dawn of a day appropriated to the commemoration of the most sacred of all religious institutions, wild groups of peasantry, to the number of 4000, with flashing eyes, indignant hearts, and wrathful intonations of voice, poured into the city, most of them armed, and many of their number of the most desperate characters. One of the boldest attacked on the street, a person known as a follower of Monredon, the obnoxious officer who had been guilty of the recent outrages at Farnes. The reaper was wounded in the scuffle, but was quickly succoured by his own people. The soldiers who guarded the viceregal palace hastened to the scene of tumult. But they could not restrain the violence of the inhabitants, who joined the lawless strangers, and raised the usual seditious cry of Spain, a sure harbinger of disorder, *Viva el Rey y muera el mal Gobierno!* (Long live the king, and death to the bad government). \* \* \*

"The friends and adherents of the Viceroy were of opinion that he should immediately quit the city; and two Genoese vessels, lying at the time in the harbour, afforded the hope of escape. He considered such a flight, however, as ignominious, and resolved to abide his fate, or at least to remain till he should see if the ecclesiastics, who were exerting themselves for that purpose, should succeed in appeasing the tumult. They had, in fact, partially prevailed in allaying it, when a crowd passing the palace of the Marques de Villafranca, it was supposed by his household that they meant to burn it; and some of the domestics having fired on the multitude, though without ball, the rage of the mob was anew excited; and it was reported through all the city that one of their leaders had been slain by a discharge of musketry from the palace of Villafranca. In this extremity the Viceroy, perceiving that his presence could be of no avail in restoring order, resolved, when it was too late, to save himself by flight. The insurgents had by this time occupied the arsenal and fortifications in the harbour; and before he could reach the Genoese ships he required to pass under a range of cannon directed by his adversaries. The confused din of voices, the firing of soldiers, and clash of arms resounded through the city. Some houses were on fire,—the prisons were all open,—and men of fierce aspect and atrocious crime were at large. He attempted, however, to reach the shore, and sent forward his son, a boy of twelve years of age, with some attendants. The skiff belonging to the Genoese galleys, which, with imminent

hazard, was waiting for them, took the youth on board, but was obliged to put off from shore ere the Viceroy's arrival, as it was perceived by the mariners that the populace pursued. The son was conveyed safe to one of the gallees in the roads; but the bark could not return for the unfortunate father, as a fire was directed against it from all quarters. Everywhere around he heard outcries for his life; and, now hopeless of escape by sea, he retreated with infirm and wandering steps to the rocks of St. Bertrand, on the way to the fort of Monjuich. Meanwhile his palace had been entered, and his flight having become public, he was furiously sought for in every quarter of the city. His unwieldy bulk hindered him from moving with any degree of activity or quickness, especially on the rugged path he had to tread. He was further disabled by the fatigue he had endured the whole day,—the want of nourishment, of which he had scarcely partaken,—and a hurt he had accidentally received in his rapid escape from the palace. These causes, by retarding his flight, prevented the only chance of escape which remained. Exhausted with fatigue, and tottering with dismay, he had dropped down among the rocks of St. Bertrand, where he was soon discovered by one of the parties in search of him. A single domestic, who had been an African slave, and had accompanied him in his flight, was attempting to revive him by washing his face with sea water, when his pursuers came up with him. This faithful attendant, interposing between the ill-fated Viceroy and the band of assassins, endeavoured to shield his master with his own body, and received many wounds in the generous attempt. But his efforts proved unavailing, and the unfortunate Santa-Coloma was despatched on the spot, with five mortal wounds on his breast.

"After this catastrophe, the houses of all the royal ministers and judges were sacked. Of these the richest was the palace of the Marques de Villafranca. \* \* \* When the mob found, among other curiosities, the bronze figure of an ape or monkey, which, by means of machinery, appeared to imitate the gestures of a living animal, rolling its eyes, bending its limbs, and pressing its paws together, the multitude, blinded with ignorance and rage, believed this ingenious piece of mechanism to be some diabolical invention. Fixing it on the top of a pike, they carried it along the streets, exhibiting it to the people, and at length lodged it in the Inquisition, as the familiar demon of its master, whom they denounced as a sorcerer and magician."

To maintain the revolt thus begun, the Catalans promptly called in foreign aid, transferring their allegiance to France, and the province was for twelve years distracted and desolated with war, civil and foreign, ere, in 1652, it was reduced to submission by Don John of Austria, natural son to Philip IV., and the last distinguished man of his race.

We conclude with a much shorter extract, illustrative of the manners, and social condition of Spain, some forty years later, under Charles II.

"As soon as it was known that the choice of the King had fallen on the Duke of Medina-Celi, (as prime minister,) all persons of distinction in Madrid—the officers of the crown, and the foreign ministers, crowded to pay their respects to the new favourite. On the day after his appointment, he repaired to the royal palace, accompanied by all his friends and relatives, to kiss his Majesty's hand. During the following day, on pretence of a slight indisposition, which was feigned to relieve him from the fatigue of ceremonies, he received visitors in his own

\* This and its offspring, fatigue.

apartment, and in bed.† A Spanish grandee resting on his bed of state is a magnificent spectacle; he reclines in his collar, mantle, and feathered hat, and is generally decked out with all his diamonds. The Duke, as Grand Chamberlain of the King, reposed, on this occasion, in one of the chief royal chambers, which was splendidly furnished.

"In the course of a few days he held a public audience in what was denominated the Hall of Rubies. He subsequently gave entrance [query, audience?] there to the Pope's Nuncio and the Venetian ambassador; but these two envoys were much dissatisfied at the manner in which the arm-chairs were disposed, for they were so arranged that it was impossible to determine whether the place of honour had been assigned to them, or arrogated by the Duke to himself. And on their departure, he accompanied them only half way down the hall of audience, instead of attending them to the door. This neglect, as well as the dubious position of the seats, being reported to the French ambassador, he adopted all the necessary precautions previous to his own introduction. He sent to demand categorically from the Duke, that he should be received in conformity with the usage and precedents followed by Don Luis de Haro, in his interviews with the French ambassadors. He obtained, on this point, the most satisfactory assurances. The position of the chairs was altered, and that there might be no mistake or ambiguity in this momentous concern, they were all marked with the names of the dignitaries who were to repose in them."

*Contes Arabes du Cheykh el Mohdy*—[*Arabian Tales by the Sheikh el Mohdy*]. Livrs. 1—15. Translated by the Chevalier Marcel. Paris: Dupuy; London, Dulau & Co.

Who is there that remembers not with delight the time when he first read the *Arabian Nights*?—who that recurs not occasionally to their pages with renewed pleasure? Alas! for the days when we believed implicitly in the powers of Aladdin's lamp and ring; when we felt more interest in the voyages of the adventurous Sindbad than any other traveller has been able to excite! To us, and to many, the name of *Arabian Tales* will recal the memory of childhood, in the words of Gray—

The weary soul they seem to sooth,  
And redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

A brief account of the author of this work will form the most appropriate introduction to our account of the work itself. Al Mohdy held the office of secretary to the Divan when the French captured Cairo; and being universally regarded as a liberal Mohammedan, who had obtained a tincture of European civilization, he was retained in his post by the victors. A single anecdote will perhaps serve to illustrate his character. One day several of the *Sheikhs* were invited to dine by the French officers; and the servants, ignorant or careless of Mohammedan scruples, placed several bottles of white wine on the table. Great was the indignation of the *Sheikhs*: they were about to rush from the table, and proclaim through the city the insult that had been offered to their religion:—

Waking as if from a reverie, Al Mohdy tranquilly asked, "what is the matter?" The cause of the general discontent was explained. "They

† This appears to have been no uncommon practice, and its object quite as much to avoid dissensions respecting precedence and other etiquettes, as to escape fatigue.

have offered us wine to drink."—"Perhaps it is not wine," said the *Sheikh*, taking up his glass with great nonchalance; then looking at it, "surely this is not wine,—who ever saw wine of this colour!" The passions began to grow calm, and the *Sheikhs* appeared ready to follow the impulse of their chief, whose abilities and orthodoxy were well known. Al Mohdy appeared to reflect for a moment, his brethren watched him in silence. Presently he smelled the glass and then swallowed its contents, saying "let us see what it really is." He drank, and smacking his lips continued; "My brethren, it is wine, but it is delicious; and if there be any sin in drinking it, may our holy prophet cause the sin to fall upon the Franks." He demanded a second glass, the *Sheikhs* followed his example, shouting in chorus "upon them be the sin! upon them be the sin!" Discord fled from the table, the rest of the evening was spent in festivity, and there was no insurrection in the city.

The Chevalier Marcel had gained the favour of this clever casuist by the gift of some excellent brandy, and obtained in return the two works which the *Sheikh* had composed in imitation of 'The Thousand and One Nights.' These works have been translated by M. Marcel; and the Asiatic Society of Paris have twice borne public testimony to the fidelity and spirit with which he has executed his task.

The first is whimsically entitled 'The Present of a Solitary Awakener to those who love Slumber and Sleep': like its prototype, it is a series of tales loosely connected with a single story. Without exhibiting the gorgeous imagery of those narrated by Scheherazade, they display more ingenuity, the plots are more artificially constructed, and some attention is paid to historic truth. The *Sheikh* Al Mohdy has tempered the wildness of Oriental fiction with the sober criticism derived from his knowledge of European literature. His narratives bear the same relation to those of the Vizier's daughter, that the romantic annals of a nation do to its earlier poetic records; for instance, as the account of the Messenian war does to those of the wars of Thebes and Troy.

The main story on which the tales of the first volume are engrafted is very amusing. Abd-er-rahman al Iskanderany, or the Alexandrian, was a young man who, at the death of his father, inherited a large fortune. By the advice of his friends he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and made, as he fondly believed, unexampled proficiency. Anxious that his merits should not be hidden, he became an inveterate story-teller; but each of his narratives put his auditors to sleep, and brought down upon poor Abd-er-rahman some cruel punishment.

His first essay was with his slaves and domestics, and they fell asleep, leaving all the doors and gates open. The Naib, or chief of police, while making his rounds, discovered the exposed situation of the house, nailed up the doors, and inflicted a heavy fine on the unfortunate owner.

The ignorance and bad taste of slaves are proverbial: Abd-er-rahman next invited his friends, and conciliated their favour by a splendid banquet. He recited his second story, but his friends fell asleep; and when, at the conclusion, he looked round, he found none awake but four uninvited guests. Gratified by their attention, he entered into conversation with them, and was persuaded to

go to his study for a historical work, to verify some of his facts. On his return, he found the lights extinguished, his attentive auditors gone, and the best part of his plate gone with them. One large salver remained, and on this was traced, with the point of a knife, a complimentary message from Har-ramy, the greatest robber in Cairo, thanking Abd-er-rahman for his entertainment. The next morning Abd-er-rahman complained to the Aga, who, without paying much attention to his story, demanded to see the salver. No sooner had the magistrate read the first lines, than he accused the complainant of being in league with the robbers, ordered his attendants to punish him with the bastinado, and extorted from him a large bribe, by the threat of additional tortures.

His relations afforded the third audience; but they too fell asleep, and the poor storyteller, in his wrath, went to law with one of his cousins, to whom he had privately lent money—was cast in full costs of suit—punished with the bastinado as a perjurer, and once more heavily fined.

A bright idea now struck him: he resolved to marry, and have a domestic audience. He chose his wife from among the Sheriffs, or descendants of the prophet. Unfortunately, at the wedding feast, he told a story reflecting severely on family pride. His brother-in-law, deeming this a marked insult, drew his sword, struck off the narrator's ear, and would have slain him on the spot, had not some friends, awakened by the tumult, interfered. A riot ensued—the police interfered, and dragged all the parties to prison. The words of the Sheriffs had most weight, and Abd-er-rahman not only lost his ear, but had again to pay a large sum as a penalty.

His fifth attempt to relate a story set his wife to sleep; she overthrew the light, and set fire to the house, which was consumed, with all the furniture. A fifth fine was levied for the negligence that menaced the safety of the city.

Abd-er-rahman finding his first wife unwilling to listen to another story, married three others in succession, each of whom he similarly put to sleep, and on each occasion was involved in fresh misfortunes. He then purchased some female slaves, but his experiment with them had even worse success. Still undaunted, he resolved on a final effort; but this time he gave the manuscript to one of his servants. Abd-er-rahman was himself the first to fall asleep. When he awoke he was alone: on going to examine the house, he found his faithless wives and his slaves destroying his honour and his property. He rushed upon them furiously—the alarmed neighbours hurried in—the criminals in concert raised the cry, "He is mad!" His wild gestures and frantic exclamations seemed to justify the accusation, and the unfortunate Abd-er-rahman was consigned to the Lunatic Asylum in Cairo. His adventures in this abode of misery, and the histories of the companions he met there, are detailed in the second and third volumes.

We must now give our readers some specimens of the tales whose soporific tendency was found so fatal in Cairo. Their effect was different in London, for morning dawned before we could bring ourselves to lay down a work in which we were so much interested.

We are forced to select not the best, but the shortest.

The following fable is told to illustrate the folly of going to law in the hope of redressing an injury. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that it is an ingenious variation of Æsop's story of the weasel that ate too heartily in the barn.

A hungry fox whom a long fast had reduced to mere skin and bone, dragging himself along the road with great difficulty, met one of his brethren, whose flourishing condition proved that hunger and he had long been strangers. "Brother," said the former, peace be upon thee and all thy relations, may fortune continue to heap its gifts upon thee. Thou art fat and flourishing and wantest nothing, whilst I am poor and miserable. \* \* In the name of heaven, have some compassion on thy wretched brother, and tell him if thou canst, how he may render comfortable the few days that remain of his miserable existence." The second fox was touched with pity. "My brother," he replied, "I can and will amend thy lot: render thanks to God who brought thee hither; he has loaded me with favours; but I will not show myself ungrateful, by refusing to share with my brethren: the poor are the guests that God sends us, and to repulse them is an insult to Him. Come with me and your wants shall be relieved."

The hope of food restored vigour to the dying fox; he followed his companion with joy, uttering a profusion of thanks for his kindness. After having travelled for some time through ruins, by paths which seemed perfectly familiar to the guide, they reached a lofty wall, above which they saw the tops of palm-trees and festoons of vines. \* \* They made their way through a very narrow hole, concealed by large plants within the garden, and thick brushwood outside; on entering they found an abundant harvest of the finest fruit.

The hungry fox eagerly threw himself on one of the richest heaps, and hastened to gratify his ravenous appetite: the other more prudently carried his fruit outside, in order to eat it subsequently in security. \* \* Unfortunately for our friends, the gardener discovered them, and seizing his sword hurried to punish their devastations. The prudent fox quickly escaped. \* \* The hungry fox was less fortunate; he had crammed himself beyond measure, and his limbs enfeebled by previous fasting, could scarcely support him. \* \* To complete his misfortune, he could not discover the hole through which he entered. \* \* After a thousand narrow escapes he at length saw it and sprang in. He saved his life; but stunned by the last blow of the enraged gardener, he left his tail in the garden.

When he appeared in the assembly of foxes, he was overwhelmed with insults for the loss of his tail; so insupportable were these reproaches that, in spite of danger, he resolved to return to the garden and regain the tail he had lost. This project was no sooner formed than put into execution. But the gardener, who had not relaxed his vigilance, watched the unhappy fox, and approaching him undiscovered, with a second blow of the sword cut off his ears.

The wretch, wounded and bleeding, returned in despair to the assembly. "How unfortunate am I!" he exclaimed, "I have attended to your insults rather than to the voice of prudence, and I have come back poorer than I went. At first I only lost my tail, trying to recover it I have lost my ears."

"Such too has been my fate," said Abd-er-rahman, when he finished the story—"I lost my tail when the robbers took my property, and when I sought redress from justice, I lost my ears."

Our second specimen shall be an historical anecdote: it relates to the illustrious family

of the Barmecides, whose opulence and generosity are so highly eulogized in the Arabian Nights; and whose unmerited calamities, when Haroun al Raschid became jealous of them, are the theme of countless tales and elegies in the East.

The celebrated poet Mohammed al Demeshky relates the following anecdote of Fadl-ebn-Yahya (one of the most beloved of the Barmecides) and his family.

"I was one day with Fadl when several poems were recited, which had been presented to him on the birth of his son. Not perfectly satisfied with any of the compositions, he asked me to write on the subject. I obeyed, and he was so pleased with my verses, that he made me a present of ten thousand *dinars*.

My benefactor afterwards incurred the displeasure of the Khaliph, and a long time after his fall, I went one day to the public bath. The master of the bath sent a handsome, well-made young man to attend me. Whilst bathing, I know not by what association, the verses I had written for Fadl came into my head; I began to recite them in a loud voice, when suddenly my young attendant fell senseless to the earth. After a few minutes he recovered and fled.

Astonished at this conduct, I quitted the bath and scolded its proprietor, for having sent me an attendant subject to epilepsy. He swore that he never saw any symptoms of the disease in his servant, and summoned him to my presence.

When the young man had recovered a little, he asked me, if I knew the author of the verses I had just recited—"I wrote them myself," I replied. "Then," said he, "you are Mohammed al Demeshky; you wrote those verses on the birth of the son of Fadl the Barmecide. I am that son; the stanzas recalled to my memory my former fortune. My heart was suddenly closed, and I fell overwhelmed with sorrow."

I was filled with grief at beholding the condition to which the son of my benefactor was reduced. "Son of Fadl," said I, "I am old and have no heirs; come with me before the judge, I will have a deed of adoption prepared, and you shall inherit all my property after my death."

The young Barmecide replied, "God forbid that I should take back the smallest portion of what you have received from my father." All my solicitations were useless, he would not accept the least mark of my gratitude to his father.

The second volume commences with a life of the Sheikh al Mohdy, founded on documents which he communicated to the authors. It contains some particulars of the condition of Egypt from 1737 to 1815; but more especially during the period of the French occupation. There is a curious example of the puns upon names in which the Orientals delight: the Sheikh used to call Bonaparte *Bonnâ-Bakht* (the edifice of happiness); Kleber *Kalah-berr* (the fortress of the country); and Menou *Men-hû* (what kind of a man is he?).

The tales in the second and third volumes are entitled 'Conversations in the Moristan (Lunatic Asylum) of Cairo, collected by Abd-er-rahman al Iskanderany. They are introduced by a minute description of that institution, which was erected by the Sultan Melek el Nasser, about five hundred years ago.

The unfortunate Abd-er-rahman, whose love of story-telling had finally brought him to this horrible place, bore his misfortune with patience. He made acquaintance with three of the inmates, whom he found in per-

fect possession of their senses; to them he narrated the story of his misfortunes, and they in turn told him their adventures.

Those of Rafif are curious; and the celebrated Ahmed Pacha, better known by the name of Jazzar (the butcher), who drove the French from Acre, and was the friend of Sir Sidney Smith, plays a conspicuous part in the narrative. Rafif having inherited some astronomical instruments, set up for an astrologer, though he did not know the place or name of a single star. His first great essay terminated unsuccessfully.

My reputation increased from day to day, and, unfortunately for me, spread too widely. I was summoned to attend the Governor of the city, who was about to become a father, and wished me to determine by a horoscope the sex of the child that was about to be born. \* \* Having drawn some unmeaning figures, I declared that the Governor would be the father of a boy. I knew not that my client had brought, at great expense, a celebrated astrologer from Antioch. He was in another part of the house, and declared that the child would be a girl. We were brought together to compare notes. \* \* After a scene of fierce recrimination we were about to come to blows, when some intelligence arrived which put an end to our quarrel. The midwife came, and informed the Governor that his wife was not pregnant but dropsical.

His interview with Jazzar had a more tragical result:—

Ahmed Pacha arose, and ordered me to accompany him to one of the terraces of his palace. When we had ascended, he pointed out to me a brilliant star, whose name I do not know, but which was on my right hand. "There is my star," said he; "observe it carefully, and tell me what it forebodes."

I gazed at the star which had been pointed out, but soon the Pacha asserted that I was looking in a wrong direction, at a star to the left of his. Twice he warned me, twice I insisted that he was mistaken, daring to add, "I know what I see, and I would know it though I did not see it." My third warning was a dreadful blow of his scymetar, which cut off my hand, and left me mutilated as you see. \* \* My host expressed the utmost astonishment at the clemency of the Pacha, who had graciously deigned to cut off my left hand instead of my head; he further assured me that I was the only person who could boast of having been so highly favoured as to be permitted to reply twice, and not to have been struck until the third time.

The narrative of an old slave-merchant who joins the company, is a caustic satire on the slave-trade. But the tale of Morad is that which most reminds us of our old friends Aladdin and Sindbad.

The work is illustrated by several clever vignettes, and by copies of the seals and engraved stones on which the Orientals love to display their taste in calligraphy.

We understand that a translation of this curious work is in preparation.

*Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam.* (Printed for private circulation only).

HIGH mental endowments, brilliant genius, and deep thought, are not so thickly sown amongst us that we can regard their disappearance from the world with indifference; and, in proportion to the eagerness with which we look abroad for the arising of young talent, is the sadness of our regret when we have to hail its appearing, and to mourn its extinction in the same hour. With sincere



concern do we notice this interesting volume. We have elsewhere† stated ourselves to be "critics upon publications only"—and it is a feeling of melancholy pleasure, and not a sense of duty, which leads us to pause over these remains of one who shared the lot of "those whom the gods love."

Many are the testimonies heaped up by the affection of survivors—many the garlands of scattered flowers tied together by hands trembling with grief, and laid upon the tombs of the dead, which we are called upon to examine; and they are all of them hallowed to us by their purpose. Death can throw a mantle of beauty over the most weak or trite effusions of sorrow. But we are not sure that we ever read a memoir which inspired us with so great a respect for its writer and its subject, as the short, manly, but most feeling one, prefixed to the poems and essays of which this volume is composed. A tone of suppressed emotion pervades it, which must touch all into whose hands it may fall. Nor is the effect it produces destroyed by our finding, when we turn to the evidences of his gifts left us by the deceased, that partial affection has been saying to us, "Lo! here is a stately monument!" of a structure, which, to our undimmed vision, appears but a rude or faded mass of ruin.

The life of this gifted young man was unmarked by any striking events. His education,—begun at Eton, completed at Cambridge—his few months of study of the law—his occasional residences on different parts of the continent, during the last of which he was suddenly taken away, afford few incidents to be noticed. Several poems, and a few essays, are presented to us as illustrations of the extent of his talent, and the cast of his mind. In the first, besides selectness of imagery and melody of numbers, we perceive a degree of thought, which, if found in the verses of the young, is generally, as it were, set off by some extravagance of style—some brilliant conceit of language. Such is not the case here: we discern occasional and unconscious imitation of Wordsworth—but we have not to admit the claims of these poems to be ranked very high, in spite of those striking defects which some, it would appear, regard not only as pardonable, but as *proper* in youthful genius. We stumble in our path over none of the *scoria*, by which (to borrow Beranger's striking metaphor) the existence of precious metal is indicated. The three sonnets which we give in preference to any of the longer poems, are no more than fair specimens of their author's powers.

*Written in Edinburgh.*

Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be!  
Yea an imperial city, that might hold  
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee,  
And either with their might of Babel old,  
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery  
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,  
Highest in arms; brave tenement for the free,  
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.  
Thus should her towers be raised—with vicinage  
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,  
As if to vindicate 'mid choicest seats  
Of art, abiding Nature's majesty,—  
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage  
Chainless alike, and teaching Liberty!

Oh Poetry, oh rarest spirit of all  
That dwell within the compass of the mind,  
Forsake not him, whom thou of old didst call:  
Still let me seek thy face, and seeking find.  
Some years have gone about since I and thou  
Became acquainted first: we met in woe;  
Sad was my cry for help as it is now;  
Sad too thy breathed response of music slow;

† Athenæum, No. 285, p. 229.

But in that sadness was such essence fine,  
So keen a sense of Life's mysterious name,  
And high conceit of Natures more divine,  
That breath and sorrow seemed no more the same.  
Oh let me hear again that sweet reply!  
More than by loss of thee I cannot die.

The garden trees are busy with the shower  
That fell ere sunset: now methinks they talk,  
Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,  
One to another down the grassy walk.  
Hark the laburnum from his opening flower  
This cherry creeper greets in whisper light,  
While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,  
Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.  
What shall I deem their converse? would they hail  
The wild grey light that fronts yon massive cloud,  
Or the half bow, rising like pillared fire?  
Or are they sighing faintly for desire  
That with May dawn their leaves may be o'erflowed,  
And dew about their feet may never fail.

The same well-balanced mind is apparent in the graver productions which form the bulk of the volume. We find great earnestness in grappling with difficult and momentous questions, and but little of the perverse and eager one-sidedness, and none of that assumption of superiority which so often characterizes the writings of young thinkers. The Remarks upon Professor Rossetti's Interpretation of Dante, display, besides closeness of argument and clearness of style, a courtesy which disputants more advanced in years oftentimes forget to observe; and we are struck in the *Theodicea Novissima* by an enlarged charity, joined with strong and somewhat peculiar individual opinions, which is rarely to be found in the works of such young writers upon theology.

But we must conclude. The deceased was no less amiable than he was gifted; and we cannot but wish that so fair a record of early talent and virtue, as the one before us, might be permitted to have a wider circulation. From many testimonies to his good, as well as his great qualities, we have chosen the following lines, to which we can add nothing of our own:—

"More ought perhaps to be said—but it is very difficult to proceed. From the earliest years of this extraordinary young man his premature abilities were not more conspicuous than an almost faultless disposition, sustained by a more calm self-command than has often been witnessed in that season of life. The sweetness of temper which distinguished his childhood, became with the advance of manhood an habitual benevolence, and ultimately ripened into that exalted principle of love towards God and man, which animated and almost absorbed his soul during the latter period of his life, and to which most of the following compositions bear such emphatic testimony. He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world; and in bowing to the mysterious will which has in mercy removed him, perfected by so short a trial, and passing over the bridge which separates the seen from the unseen life, in a moment, and, as we may believe, without a moment's pang, we must feel not only the bereavement of those to whom he was dear, but the loss which mankind have sustained by the withdrawing of such a light."

*Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy.* 2 vols. London: Longman & Co.

HAD these volumes been presented to our notice at an earlier period of the season, we should have followed the wanderings of their authoress with more minuteness of attention than it is possible for us now to give to any series of sketches of continental travel. But we have so recently been journeying with Mr. Bulwer, Mr. Beckford, Mrs. Jameson, and Mrs. Trollope, over ground already well

trodden, that we cannot undertake a fresh tour with that leisurely determination of passing by nothing worthy of notice, with which we accompanied the former travellers. And we regret this, because the volumes before us are written in such a pleasant style, and display so much good feeling, as well as quiet observation, that we feel they deserve more special notice than it is possible to afford to the last of the Pilgrims.

The route followed by the party whose wanderings are here chronicled, was through Brussels—up the Rhine—by Baden (on the Limat) to Berne—thence *via* Zurich, Coire, Reichenau, and the Via Mala, into Italy. So far do we proceed in the first volume. The lady (as all ladies ought,) hath an eye for costume, and some of her pictures of dress are bright and graphic; a sketch in the Black Forest will afford a good specimen of her style:—

"The little town of Villengin teeming with smart modes and gay faces was all picture; such singular toilettes, and so endlessly varied. But the grotesque subduing the graceful, except where the females were handsome, and had natural taste enough to arrange their ponderous draperies advantageously. Such layers of petticoats! tenfold, I believe, with borders of all colours pending one below the other. Such velvet spencers; and gaudy vests, and straps, and collars, and morsels of embroidery stuck here and there, unfortunately proving by their tarnished costliness that the original expense of such fine things is too great to admit of their being often renewed; and then the pretty hat, and floating streamers; and the prettier than pretty scarlet taken without a wrinkle!

"Why do not our country girls follow some country mode? no matter whether simple or fantastic, it would be at least original. It would identify them, and be always pleasing from its association with rural images and recollections; they would be a class, and a very handsome one. But the wretched long-backed, or no-backed spencer; the dragging flounce and deplorable bonnet, decorated with flowers no longer artificial, but honestly showing their wire and paper poverty, give to beauty, which in a peasant's dress would have its own fresh natural character, an air of town vulgarity that makes its very attraction offensive."

We had marked for extract an account of the girl at Zoug, who had a passion for plain sewing, but, on second thoughts, considered it only fair to show the fair *diarist* (as Madame D'Arbly would call her) in a graver scene. She is describing Pfyffer's baths near Regatz:—

"Down below, in the black depths of a rocky gully, stands the melancholy convent-looking house never warmed by a sun-beam, within which are the baths and the necessary accommodations for bathers; consisting of a wild looking eating-room, and narrow cells—raw and gloomy—to sleep in. A cloistered colonnade clings to the outward wall, and extends drearily along the front of the building, affording the means of exercise to those who desire what they call here a sheltered walk. Indeed there is no choice, unless a person be as agile as a goat, which invalids rarely are; for a narrow stripe of table ground, just wide enough to give standing room to three or four horses, is all that intervenes between this bleak colonnade and the mountain through which the winding descent is traced. Behind rolls the stormy Tamina, hemmed in at one side by the dark house and the impending cliffs; while on the other, a giant wall of perpendicular rock, starting up daringly and shutting out the world—almost the light of heaven, closes up the scene.

"They say that invalids recover here; I wonder they do not go mad. Nothing is visible but the rock, the fearful gorge, the torrent, and a little sky. Nothing audible but the raving Tamina. We looked into the dreary room; the fair Italians were there, taking coffee. One had an English complexion, and soft eyes; the other a brilliant head of the Judith cast. Our guide proposed that we should visit the mineral springs, that boil up from the depth of an awful cavern, some hundred paces from the house. A bridge, thrown from rock to rock, crosses the flood, and a narrow ledge of planks fixed, I know not how, against the side of the rock and suspended over the fierce torrent, leads through a long dark chasm to the source. I ventured but a little way, for when I found myself on the terrifying shelf without the slightest balustrade, and felt it slippery from the continual spray, and saw nothing between us and the yawning gulf, to which darkness, thickening at every step, gave increased horror, I made a few rapid reflections on the folly of fool-hardiness; and feeling with Falstaff that the better part of valour is discretion, retreated more speedily than I had advanced."

The second volume contains a most graphic picture of Genoa—a return to Paris—an escape thence from the tumult of the three glorious days, and a sojourn at Lucerne. To waste no space over words, we will extract at once a scene in Genoa "the superb":—

"We unpacked ourselves grumblingly, in the middle of a lane, as full of mire and oranges as Lower Thames Street; and after dabbling through one or two passages of most forbidding aspect, reached the hotel. The first peep was highly characteristic. A saloon of handsome dimensions, with gilding and mirrors, hangings of light-blue satin damask, and a brick-floor encrusted with dirt, looking down upon a sort of terrace projecting sufficiently to shut out the street, and furnished with mutilated statues, and boxes filled with scrubby orange-trees. Beyond this terrace a narrow rampart, with idle sailors in the red cap of the Levant and jackets of all shades, from chocolate to saffron, lounging as sailors always lounge, from Blackwall to the Mola at Naples, with their hands stuck in their sides and their backs against the parapet, looking out for spots in the horizon, or commenting on the veiled women who tripped lightly along the narrow footway; and beyond all, the blue Mediterranean with its gay vessels dancing and glittering in the sunbeams, that blazed in at our windows as if the old charioteer, the special Phœbus of Italy, had made a crane-necked turn, and gone back from October to August. All this was good, either as characteristic or from its bright magnificence; I could scarcely tear myself away from the window, and when I did!—but the contrast was still Italian, curiously so,—I found myself obliged to order lights that I might be enabled to arrange my dress a little. The only disengaged bedchambers were two communicating with our sitting room, both looking into one of the black alleys in which Genoa revels. The one enjoys a gleam of daylight when the door of communication is open; the other a sort of ghastly dimness, something perhaps like that which fell upon Lisbon in the time of the earthquake, or the unnatural light of Poussin's Deluge. After having made my toilette by candle-light, I returned to our saloon, and was obliged to have the blinds shut to keep out the sunbeams."

We cannot leave this book without giving our readers a peep at a female bandit:—

"Last night we talked of crimes and punishments; of the miserable fanatic, (I think it was at Zurich) who, as the story goes, had herself crucified in some profane and horrible intention; and of Clara Wendal, the famous woman-

robber, whose fine eyes are dimming in the prison here; and heard the mysterious story of the Avoyer, who returning some fourteen years ago on a wild December night to his country house with his two daughters, disappeared suddenly. The night was dark and stormy, and all other sounds were lost in the uproar of the elements. Arrived at home, the daughters found themselves alone; they believed that their father followed them, but he was gone—and for ever! A day or two afterwards the body was discovered; and a cross—the most touching and impressive of all memorials,—rises from the bed of the river in one of its most beautiful windings, and marks the scene of a misfortune which calumny would have converted into a crime.

"Time passed, and no doubt arose of the Avoyer's death having been accidental: the river was swollen and the bank slippery, and nothing seemed more natural than that in the storm and darkness he should have missed his footing and fallen in, when the gang, of which Clara Wendal was chief, was surrounded in the woods and taken. When lodged in the prison at Zurich, Clara suddenly avowed herself deeply concerned in the murder of the Avoyer,—for he had been murdered, she said;—and boldly declared, that taking advantage of the darkness of the night and the tumult of the storm, she, with the help of her brothers, who added their testimony to hers, had pushed him into the river, having been hired to do so by two inhabitants of Lucerne, both gentlemen of unblemished reputation.

"At first all was astonishment and disbelief; but the wretches persisted in their story with such perverse consistency, that at length the least credulous were startled. Clara, who was then in full possession of that beauty to which her wild life and lawless profession had probably given more than its due celebrity, went into the most minute details, described the bench under which she had concealed herself while she listened for the expected footsteps, the mode in which her brothers and herself had seized the Avoyer and pushed him off the bank; and more, the room, even to its most inobvious features, in which the salary of murder was paid down to her, and that a room in the house of one of the accused, into which it seemed impossible that she could have introduced herself furtively.

"In short, the accusation was so dexterously dressed and so boldly persisted in, that the axe seemed to tremble over the heads of the arraigned; when the woman-fiend stopped short, and declaring that all to which she had sworn was false, denounced three other inhabitants of Lucerne as having bribed her to the perjury of which she had been guilty, averring most solemnly that she knew nothing whatever of the Avoyer's death, but believed it to have been accidental, and that gold and promises of protection had induced her to accuse the innocent. As it was obvious that the testimony of such a wretch could not be admitted, the proceedings were immediately quashed, and Clara with her atrocious family (a mother included) were consigned to perpetual imprisonment in the Maison de Force. They say she has lost her demoniacal beauty; but as she is rigorously confined it is next to impossible to see her. When she was in the river tower at Zurich, it was said that strangers offered ten, and even twenty guineas for a peep. I will not vouch for the truth of this story, though the addition of the bidders being English gives it a colouring. Other people commit follies, but none pay for them so dearly as we do."

The extracts we have chosen have been selected almost at random: the pages of these two volumes abound in graceful sentiment and lively description, and pleasanter light reading for a summer's day we could not

recommend; as, though their authoress describes scenes which run some risk of becoming wearisomely familiar to us, she has looked upon them with unbiassed, as well as observant eyes, and, consequently, her pictures are not hackneyed copies of things we have seen before better portrayed.

#### SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

*Circular addressed to Members of the Committee, and to Members of Local Committees.* By Charles Knight, in reply to a Statement by James Rennie, M.A. London.

THOUGH neither a member of the Committee, nor of a Local Committee, this circular has fallen into our hands. There is a promise of brave sport in it, but, at present, we intend only to look on and laugh.

As to the pounds-shillings-and-pence part of the dispute, we shall not waste a word upon it. Let us, however, look to two or three things that come out incidentally. For example, we have often enough alluded to the utter impossibility of distinguishing between the Society and its publisher. Well, then, as a confirmative fact, it appears, that Mr. Rennie (whose first volume on 'Insect Architecture' was published professedly by the Society in 1829, and followed by 'Insect Transformations' in 1830—'Architecture of Birds' in 1831—'Insect Miscellanies,' and 'Habits of Birds' in 1833—and 'Faculties of Birds,' now in type,) never had "any communication from the Society except through Mr. Knight" until February 1834! when, having quarrelled with Mr. Knight, the publisher, and appealed to the Committee, he received a *coup de grace* from Mr. Conates, the secretary, who, says Mr. Rennie, "expressly disclaimed" Mr. Knight's authority to make engagements for the Society, although, as Mr. Rennie repeats, he had never received a single communication, from 1829 up to that moment, from any other person, and when the "engagements made with me by Mr. Knight in the name of the Society, and unsettled for and not completed, amounted to more than 400l." We offer no comment on these things—we merely report what is set down. We shall not indeed speculate on the probable causes of this change in feeling towards Mr. Rennie, who, however, admits, that "the sales had been falling off."

Further, to show the utter impossibility of disentangling the separate interests connected with the Society from the Society itself, let us advert to another fact here mentioned:—"My connection with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," says Mr. Rennie, "arose from my having written on scientific subjects for the *Verulam* newspaper." To this Mr. Knight replies in italics, "The Society had no connection direct or indirect with the *Verulam* newspaper." Now, in plain sincerity, let us ask a question here. In 1828, we believe, a paper appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which the periodicals of that day were held up to ridicule, save and except only the *Verulam* newspaper, then just started; indeed, the article was obviously and expressly written to bring the *Verulam* into notice. It is now pretty generally believed, that the professed review was written by Lord Brougham. Lord Brougham's name was, and is, thrust prominently forward



as President of the Diffusion Society. Does Mr. Knight then mean to assert by his italics that Lord Brougham "had no connexion direct or indirect with the *Verulam*? That his Lordship was a part proprietor of that paper, in the legal sense of the term, we cannot assert; but we have been informed, on what seems to us good authority, that he was peculiarly interested in its success, and that he advanced nearly a thousand pounds to forward the speculation, which, however, notwithstanding the puff in the *Edinburgh*, and the whole weight and influence of the members of the Committee, individually, was an utter failure.

Another curious subject incidentally touched on, is the character of the works published under the name of the Society, and the literary rank and character of the writers. "Mr. Rennie's works," says the publisher, were "written in the most ungrammatical, disjointed style; the original observations by Mr. Rennie, upon the habits of insects, were not held together by any thread of reasoning; large extracts from modern writers, especially from Kirby and Spence, were unsparingly introduced, sometimes without acknowledgment."

"Out of 200 pages of the *Birds* (Faculties)," says Mr. Knight, "117 were extracts."

"I," continues the publisher, "detected the unacknowledged quotations; I re-arranged the details; I re-wrote many passages which described Mr. Rennie's observations, finding it impossible, by mere correction, to make the style tolerable; and I added entire pages."

Let us, however, in justice, hear Mr. Rennie report on these emendations and additions.

"I expressly stipulated (he says) with Mr. Knight to have 180*l.* for 'Insect Architecture,' but I received only 150*l.*, because he alleged the manuscript had required so much revision, and so many additions, though the chief of these (additions) were the insertions without consulting me, of a number of cuts previously done for the projected edition of Paley's 'Natural Theology,' since announced with Notes by the Lord Chancellor and Sir Charles Bell, which cuts were pirated from Kirby and Spence's 'Entomology.' In consequence of this, an injunction was threatened for the piracy; but though this was somehow quashed, the stigma of the piracy has been since affixed on me by the press; yet, from prudential motives (my wife having just then died, and left me with a young family to provide for), I bore this and the loss of the promised 30*l.*, knowing also at the time that Mr. Knight was very poor."

On the merit of the other works, published by the Society, Mr. Rennie's testimony may be considered impartial; and he observes, I received 200*l.* a volume for the 'Architecture of Birds,' and 'Insect Transformations,' although only 180*l.* was given to others, "because the original observations and experiments in my volumes were found to give them a different character with the public from the mere compilations out of books got up for the Society by others."

Why, then we were not, after all, so very wide of the mark when we characterized the publications of the Society as miserable compilations. Let, however, the Daniels in the Committee sit in judgment, and report on their own writers: here is their testimony to the ability and integrity of Mr. Rennie, their

"chief of men"—he who received 20*l.* the volume more than any other contributor. They hesitated, it appears, "about dealing with an author incapable of writing English with accuracy or elegance—incompetent to draw a logical conclusion from his own premises—querulous and disputatious—envious of the reputation of every man of eminence,—unhesitating about the means of attacking the characters of such men—at the best, possessing a knowledge made up of 'shreds and patches.'"

The publisher, however, bore him through in triumph by the following high and honourable report in his favour:—I observed, he says to the Committee, that "even in those 'shreds and patches' he had evinced a capacity for 'original observation and experiment'—that he was indeed a mere butterfly observer, but he was still an observer."

Gentlemen of the Committee—Mr. Professor—Mr. Publisher, we take our leave of you for the present. We have great confidence in your experience, and put entire faith in your several reports each of the other; we, however, consider you but as "Chorus to the history" which is to follow—this circular but as prologue to the tragi-comedy, about to be enacted for the entertainment of the public; and we promise you to sit out the performance, even to the dropping of the curtain.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*England and the English*, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq. 3rd edition.'—To this third edition of a deservedly popular book, is added, a new chapter, containing "a view of the late events and the late changes,"—but as this is exclusively political, and relates to Reforms and Tithe Questions, and Coercion Bills, matters in which the *Athenæum* hath no part or lot, we can only point it out to the notice of those whose nature or studies lead them to such thorny matters, and say that it is written with all the usual eloquence and energy of its accomplished author. There are also a few new notes here and there, by the addition of which the work is rendered more complete.

'*Mrs. Jamieson's History of France*.'—This work is very badly proportioned, and not particularly well written. One half of it is devoted to the history of the last thirty years, which might easily be compiled from very ordinary authorities, while the preceding eighteen centuries are slurred over in vague generalities. It contains, however, an interesting memoir of the Duc de Reichstadt, and some particulars of the Bonaparte family not generally known.

'*Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcester*, by C. Hastings, M.D.'—We notice with sincere pleasure this first fruit of the Worcestershire Natural History Society, being the substance of an introductory lecture delivered to them, by Dr. Hastings, and including general views, comprehensive and interesting, of the Statistics, Geology, Botany, Zoology and Meteorology of that country. Gladly would we hail the establishment of such a society in every county in England, as nothing, we conceive, would so decidedly tend to the collection, as well as diffusion, of useful knowledge, to binding together all ranks in the pursuit of science, to promoting universal harmony and good-will, and to ameliorating the conditions, both of the upper and labouring classes, by making them better acquainted with the necessities, the interests, and the feelings of one another. The original honour of proposing the establishment of such societies, belongs, we believe, to Dr. Conolly, whose very interesting Memoir of Dr.

John Darwall we had lately occasion to notice with approbation, and the general anxiety which medical men have shown in promoting this object, is highly creditable to them as a professional body. It is true they are in an especial manner interested, as every addition to their knowledge of the air by which they are surrounded, the soil they inhabit, the plants by which it is clothed, the animals it supports, the increase or diminution of its population, the nature of the prevalent diseases, and the alterations which those have undergone consequent on known changes of the surface, such as the cutting down of woods, working of mines, draining of marshes, &c., or the difference in the mode of life of its inhabitants, the increase of the city, and diminution of the country residents, the prevalence of peculiar kinds of manufactures, the introduction of new sports, new habits, new principles of education, &c.,—all this, we say, must be to them so much downright, practical, and available information, directly applicable to the purposes of their every-day employment. But we need scarcely stop to remark, how valuable and important such information must be to all, how delightful to those who seek knowledge for its own sake. It is only necessary to add, that the Worcestershire Natural History Society, by appointing separate committees for each of the above-mentioned subjects of inquiry, and defining accurately the matters which should more particularly attract the attention of each, have done all in their power towards ensuring success in the objects for which they have united, and have entitled themselves to the ardent co-operation of their own members, and the unqualified approbation and best wishes of all who love science and desire its advancement.

'*Sacred Classics*, Vol. VIII. *Butler's Analogy*.'—There are few works more wanted than a good edition of Butler's *Analogy*, one containing a general explanation of the scope and bearing of the author's very peculiar line of argument, an analysis of his reasoning, and a fair statement of the extent of certainty possessed by his conclusions. Nothing of this sort could be expected from Dr. Croly, and nothing of the sort has he given. We have however, instead, a good *Life* of Bishop Butler, and a successful vindication of his memory from the charge of having changed his creed towards the close of his life.

'*Captive Vigils*, a poem, in six cantos or vigils.'—There are few subjects more likely to awaken the imagination than the lonely prisoner during the hours of darkness and temptation, whether he be self-sustained and defying, as St. Leon, in the dungeon of the dark Bethlem Gabor, or gentle, resigned and pious, as Pellico, in the fortress of Spielberg: and yet the author before us has failed in this dreary monologue to excite our sympathies. His verse is smooth, and his thoughts come without effort—but we can read page after page without being touched, without that indignant swelling of heart which makes other prison scenes so fearful, and yet so fascinating—perhaps because we feel that the poet is reasoning upon captivity, rather than writing from it. It is the presence of that intense individuality which we feel to be wanting here, that gives its charm and its interest to the exquisite but most saddening 'Prisoner of Chillon.'

'*M'Culloch's English Grammar*.'—The most valuable part of this little work is the hints on the mode of teaching grammar, which merit the attention of persons engaged in the instruction of youth. We think that the general arrangement might be advantageously simplified, and that the author could, in many instances, have used plainer language, without sacrificing philosophical accuracy.

'*Geography Simplified*.'—Would that Geography were simplified! In this work it is rendered more puzzling than ever.

'Guy's School Question Book.'—Our curiosity was excited by reading in a pompous advertisement, that "the leading scholastic characters in the kingdom have been contributory to the success of this work;" and that "perhaps so concentrated and methodical a sketch of history, at once simple, interesting, and correct, and in size and price so exactly accommodated to the purpose of schools, has not hitherto issued from the British press." We procured a copy, and are sorry to find that these "leading scholastic characters" are void of good taste, ignorant of good grammar, and destitute of historical information: a more inaccurate and trashy compilation than this result of their joint labours, we have not met with since the commencement of our critical career; and with respect to its plan, size, and price, the book is a mere imitation of Magnall's, published many years ago by the Longmans. What do our readers think of the following question and answer, and especially of the grammatical structure of the latter?

"Name a few of the states that first arose.—In 2217 B.C. which is only thirty years after the dispersion from the tower, Nimrod or Belus is said to have built Babylon, on the banks of the Euphrates in Asia. The Chinese, founded by Fohi, 2207 B.C. The Egyptian, founded by Menes (the Misraim of the Scriptures), 2188 B.C., and Memphis, one of its first cities. The Assyrian, founded by Ashur, the second son of Shem, who built Nineveh on the Tigris, 2059 B.C. Sicyon, in Greece, founded 2089 B.C. The Medes, so called from Madi, the third son of Japheth; and the Persians, or Elamites, from the son of Shem, were also early founded; and India must have been very early peopled."

The revival of the absurd derivation of the names of nations from the names of their supposed progenitors, is rendered still more ridiculous in another passage:—

"Who were the posterity of Japheth?—Gomer, supposed to be the father of the Germans; Javan, of the Greeks; Meshech, of the Muscovites, &c."

These are the freaks of a man anxious to parade his knowledge rather than to communicate information:—a little farther on we have a more comical exhibition of learning:—

"Relate the circumstance.—Cyrus marching against Tomyris, queen of the Scythian nation, was defeated in a bloody battle, B.C. 530. The victorious queen, who had lost her son in a previous encounter, was so incensed against Cyrus, that she cut off his head, and threw it into a vessel filled with human blood, exclaiming, '*Satia te sanguine quem titisti*!'—Cyrus, thy thirst was blood, now drink thy fill."

We have no doubt that Mr. Guy understands Latin, but we question the attainments of Tomyris in that language, as in her day the Latin language had no existence. Of course, we do not insinuate that Mr. Guy mistook Latin for Scythic.

Of the simplicity of the information, the following is a specimen:—

Who were denominated the seven wise men of Greece?—Solon of Athens, Thales of Miletus, Chilo of Lacedæmon, Pittacus of Mitylene, Periander of Corinth, Bias of Priene, and Cleobulus of Rhodes. These sages often visited each other."

Doubtless they did: we rejoice to hear that they were on visiting terms.—*Query*. Did they take tea together?

The interest may fairly be represented by the novel information that the Romans possessed some kind of fire-arms:—

"Was the subjugation of the whole of Greece the consequence?—It was. The Achaean states (noticed in the preceding chapter) insulted the Roman dignities, and this drew upon them the thunder of the Roman arms; and Greece from

that period became a Roman province, 146 B.C."

Finally, the two following passages may serve to prove the correctness of the work:—

"Is not the ancient history of Ireland involved in much uncertainty?—It is; but some antiquarians carry back its history 500 years before the Christian era."

"From whence has it been supposed that their [whose?] language was derived?—From the Phœnicians [are the Phœnicians a place?]; and that a colony of Scythians came from thence [whence?], and settled among them" [whom?].

Two chapters on Ancient and Modern Biography, written in the style of the history from which we have been quoting, follow. Next comes a system of Geography, in which we are favoured with this novel information:—

"For what are Oxford and Cambridge celebrated?—For their universities."

The aid of "measured lines,"—the author modestly avoids the name of poetry,—is brought to elucidate Astronomy: let us take the description of the Sun:—

The Sun, the source of light and vital heat,  
Appears amidst the heavenly luminaries,  
The first, the most conspicuous, and grand;  
Round which, at certain times and distances,  
Planets revolve in silent harmony.  
The Sun's the centre of our Solar System,  
Of such superior bulk, he's prov'd to be  
A million times as large as is our earth;  
And distant five and ninety million miles.  
And his diurnal motion, clearly seen  
By spots that are revolving in his disc,  
Takes nearly five and twenty of our days.  
The Sun's diameter alone is known  
To make eight hundred ninety thousand miles.

To examine the questions on miscellaneous subjects, and point out a tithe of the errors in the abstracts of modern history, would require infinitely more patience than we possess. Enough has been extracted to prove, as Hood says,

That Guy is nothing but a Guy.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### CONDESCENSION.

I have heard, that when a goose passes under an arch, or through a door-way, of whatever altitude, it always stoops—this, I suppose, is condescension; and, to say truth, wherever I have seen an ostentation of condescension, it has reminded me of geese. There is a great deal of fun, and some little philosophy, in condescension. The fun of it is, that the person condescending must first lift himself up to his greatest height, in order to show how low he can stoop. I like to hear of learned men condescending to the capacities of children—just as if learned men had forgotten their A B C, and could talk nothing but Greek and Hebrew;—why, there is not one among them who does not understand Cinderella better than he does Sophocles. I am no leveller: I am a decided believer in the beauty and utility of rank. I also like courtesy, affability, and politeness; but when the word condescension is mentioned, I am always inclined to laugh. When Tony Lumpkin, as set forth in the pleasant comedy 'She Stoops to Conquer,' gives the benefit and blessing of his company to the swillers of swipes at the public house, he is very condescending; but I quite sympathize with Mrs. Hardcastle in her reprobation of such unbecoming familiarity. But when you see the party assembled, and hear their conversation, you do not think much of the condescension of Tony; moreover, unhappily for Tony's own dignity, he does not seem to be aware of it himself. The party would willingly pay him homage, but he seems hardly inclined to relish it: he wishes to be quite at his ease, which a condescending person in such circumstances never is. Condescension, in its true and most exquisitely ludicrous state, has a kind of *noli me tangere* air about it; it is like oil on water—it

never amalgamates with the baser fluid. The genuine condescender has a kind of elasticity about him, by means of which he can presently raise himself up again to the natural level of his dignity, like those monkeys who, with a kind of hook to the end of their tails, can presently spring from the ground into a tree or on to a perch. Tony Lumpkin's condescension was a thorough down-letting of his dignity—a total oblivion of his rank; he could not resume his dignity at a moment's notice; he not only forgot his own superiority, but seemed to wish that others should forget it too. This, you observe, is different from right-earnest condescension, which aims at uniting, for the time, the great and the small, the high and the low, and which would shudder, and almost die with mortification, should its greatness seem for a moment to be forgotten. Tony Lumpkin, in his condescension, if we may so call it, did not so much enjoy his greatness as he enjoyed getting rid of it; but regular condescension is one of the highest luxuries of greatness. All greatness is apprehended by comparison: we never feel how great we are till we bring our greatness into contact with another's littleness. When Gulliver dwelt in England previously to his voyage to Lilliput, he was not sensible of his greatness of body; but when he dwelt among the Lilliputians, he felt himself to be a marvellously great man indeed. Thus it is with such as condescend: they come from such a height to such a depth, that they are wholly astounded at once at their own greatness and at others' littleness.

The pleasure of condescension is so great that many seek for the enjoyment of it, whom we should not at first sight think likely to have opportunity or room for its exercise. In Boswell's Life of Johnson, mention is made of a funeral sermon which had been preached for the wife or widow of some cheesemonger in Tooley Street, or Bermondsey, in which, amongst other laudatory topics, it was recorded, to the honour of the deceased, that she was remarkable for her condescension to her inferiors. On which Dr. Johnson remarked, that there might be some little difficulty in ascertaining who her inferiors were. The doctor was more obtuse of perception than was the cheesemonger's wife, who had no difficulty whatever in ascertaining the point. Condescension is a luxury, the enjoyment of which is happily not confined to any one gradation of society. Every goose is tall enough to stoop. There is no condition in which a man may not have some fear of degradation and down-letting of his dignity, or in which he may not show some gracious condescension to his inferiors. And all the beauty of this arrangement is owing to what some people may think a defect, viz., the undefinedness of dignity, and that *ad libitum*, which suffers so many to place themselves as they will or can, aided by the various points of comparison, so that, though there may be inferiority in some things, there may be superiority in others. Thus no individual is the lowest; for he that is low in some respects is high in others. When I was a little boy I was at a very great school—great, I mean, in point of numbers; and when we walked to church, our arrangement was not according to literary merit or proficiency, but according to height, so that we might thereby look more uniform in the public eye. There were also two other classifications, viz., the classification according to penmanship, and the classification according to general literature or grammatical attainments. Thus there was a pleasant and amusing variety of rank; and we were sometimes as puzzled to set points of precedence and etiquette, as any little party in a country town; for it was seldom that height, writing, and grammar were in the same proportion: one was before another in measuring; and another took precedence in writing,

but wanted height; while a third might be an excellent grammar scholar, but neither a penman nor a colossus. So by these means we all of us had more or less the pleasure of looking down upon one another; and all of us could enjoy, if we wished it, the pleasure of condescension. Dr. Johnson was therefore manifestly wrong in doubting whether the wife of a cheesemonger in Tooley Street was capable of condescending, or whether there were any persons who might properly be called her inferiors.

It would be, indeed, a sad and cruel thing if a man should feel that all were condescending to him, and that he himself could be condescending to nobody, because nobody was inferior to him. To be the first in society, though attended with some inconveniences, is still rather an object of ambition; therefore the first may be safely defined, but to be the last is too painful; and the Herald's Office, in mercy to mankind, leaves that point to be settled by those whom it may concern; therefore it never is settled, and never can be settled, and so the pleasure of condescension may be enjoyed by all.

The virtue of condescension is, indeed, so exceedingly amiable and interesting, that one cannot help wishing to imitate it; and we naturally look out for our inferiors, in order to have the pleasure of gratifying them by our condescension, as much as we have been gratified by the condescension of our superiors. It is observable how very condescending and patronizing are the servants and dependents of the great. From observing the manners of their masters, and mistresses, and patrons, they gain the same air and imbibe the same feelings. In order to manifest condescension, as we have said above, there should be, of necessity, a sense or apprehension of greatness; thus those domestics and dependents generally cultivate this feeling of greatness with much diligence and success. A greater or more condescending man than a great man's porter you do not often meet withal; and many a king upon a throne grants an audience to, or receives homage from, a most devoted and most humble subject, with far less of the pomp of condescension, than a great man's porter gives audience to a man in a seedy coat. Yet, perhaps, after all, the completest condescension is that of a great boy at school to a little one. I know a man who, about thirty years ago, was first boy of our school; and he has told me more than once, and I dare say that, if we live to grow old, he will tell me a hundred times more, that his sense of greatness at that time was so absurdly strong, that he could absolutely contain no more, and that he was nearly bursting with pride. Yet he was marvellously condescending; and I do verily believe, that if his most Gracious Majesty, William IV. of Great Britain and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, &c. &c. should walk arm in arm with me in Pall Mall or St. James's Park, I should not think more highly of the condescension than I did of the condescension of the young gentleman above alluded to. We can never perhaps enjoy condescension so completely as in early life, before we have thoroughly ascertained the meaning and full force of the word "great"—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*; and before we know what greatness is, we think it a marvellously magnificent thing. After all, the game of condescension, like all other games, requires two to play at it; but, unlike all other games, it is best played at by those who understand it least; for, when it is thoroughly understood by both parties, it is rather too broad a farce, and cannot be carried on with a serious face. I very much admire the churchwarden's wife who went to church, for the first time in her life, when her husband was churchwarden, and being somewhat late, the congregation was getting up from their knees at the time she entered, and she

said, with a sweetly condescending smile, "Pray keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen, I think no more of myself now than I did before."

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome.

THANK you for my elegant nickname—a *temple-haunting martlet*. Like that "guest of summer," I am just about to visit your north during the heats, and in this, perchance, will consist the greatest similarity. For, alas! here are no temples to haunt, were I ever such a swallow, and a Pagan swallow into the bargain! You don't dignify it to be hoped, those two little round brick-kilns in the Forum with a name so awful? Nothing here particularly templar but the Pantheon, and that is so debased by Popish triviality and tawdriness, one must have as much spare ecstasies at command as a De Staël to be often in the twitters about it. Agrippa's portico has, indeed, long been a model—the *jus et norma* of architecture. Doesn't it stare upon you all down Regent Street? See the results of a fine exemplar! St. Philip's church is a sandstone reflection of it, Mr. Nokes's haberdashery, a modest adaption of it to the purposes of a warehouse. "Has been," I say, for the Greek temples, I believe, have done for it, what the Elgin marbles did for the Belvedere Apollo—taken it down a peg or two from the pinnacle of supremacy. After all, though the Eternal City has been to me an eternal city of disappointment, I quit her at the end of a long sojourn with regret. Her old, sun-dried Babylonian walls, towering red and ruinous from the deserts around them, her silent Forum, the mouldering mightiness of her Colosseum, her triumphal arches tottering to decay, her houseless streets winding for miles through the fallen monuments of her grandeur, through gardens as rank as funeral grounds, with here and there cypresses and pines mourning darkly over them, or the corn-muse with its wild reedy hum heard droning along their alleys at a distance,—these are her melancholy charms and enchantment, which years and acquaintanceship only improve. Memorial as they stand of a bygone world, the parent of this, to leave them, is like quitting the monument of a patriarchal mother, whom we venerated even through the weakness and infirmities of her decline. Rome and Egyptian Thebes are the two great fossils of the historic globe, handing down to us in stone, the gigantic impress of what man was so many ages ago. But while the latter seems to tell of leviathan forms different from all species now existing, the other fills us with a common interest declaring us to be of the same race with her own, though degenerate in powers and aspirations. As to the rest of imperial Rome, however—at least the greater part—I have been as much disappointed in my hopes to see nothing but the sublimities, as if I were groome of the bed-chamber to imperial Nicholas. Why, St. Peter's itself, was to me little else than a mass of disappointments. For the modern town, it looks and smells as if cut out of a mountain of manure. It really does in most quarters resemble a labyrinth of stable-lanes, and its populace a set of lazy-paced grimy ostlers bidding a forest of besoms defiance to trim or render them commonly decent. "Rain," according to our proverb, "is the only besom of Rome." Nothing, however, would sweep the town thoroughly, I believe, but a second deluge—that would sweep it away. 'Tis a depository of nuisances: you'd think dirt was pickled and preserved here as a dainty to regale one at every corner. The year before last, indeed, when cholera was decimating Paris, my Romans were aroused from their litters by the rattling of the Great Keys, when his Holiness marched forth with a broom at the crosier head, dire menace to his children of cleanliness and chastisement! The filth was in part removed, (I apprehend only within doors, for it soon re-

appeared to the usual quantum,) but still after a heavy shower, every street flows and fumes like a common sewer. By the bye, this is the sole legislative work in which his present Ecclesiastical Majesty has distinguished himself. On this occasion, he displayed, it is said, with universal consent and infinite credit to his high function, the activity of a master-sweep; bustling about in the most sagacious manner, and like an inspired priest of Cloacina, uttering the commands of the goddess in a voice that shook the foundations of the city. I never heard that he did any thing more signal for the public benefit. His exertions are confined to his own closet, for the good of his own particular soul. What business had a monk, who avowed himself exclusively of monkish habits, to become a temporal monarch? However, what have we to do with these people? Let Mauro Capellari pope it away after his own heart, Zurla piously devote all good Protestants to the D—, and Bernetti wage subterranean war with the Carbonari, till all Italy be undermined and sink into chaos; 'tis a mere play of marionettes to us dilettanti, in which we have no part, and but a very passing interest.

Now these Domenichinos, I assure you, give me a vast deal more trouble. Will you believe it? Domenichino is positively little better than the dull good man his contemporaries pronounced him. A few strawberry specimens shown about Europe, and his 'St. Jerome,' not stolen, but openly plundered from Agostino Caracci, have gained him a name which the trashat bottom belies. You think, from the engraving, his 'Sibylla Persica' a monstrous elegant creature: I never saw a coarser hussy painted for Sultana Fatima, at a barn-house play. Then those Caracci! with their inimitable Farnese frescos. I went to the Farnese as I would to a second Sistine: if you had seen the pickle my face was in coming out! Like a patient's in the last stage of mortification. Even the 'Stanze' of Raffael; what with the defilement committed there by Time and Carlo Maratti, the Penni and Pippi and proxy look of several among them, together with, perhaps, an original want of mighty-handedness about the author himself. I should be amazed, indeed, if Reynolds ever passed through them without recognizing his divine spirit, but still more, if he had imagined it blazing there in all its glory. I am persuaded, that Raffael's fame and favour with us, after all, does not rest (contrary, I fear, to general opinion) on his fresco paintings. Graceful and elegant as these may be, full of good design and composition, there is a defect of power about them, which makes them secondary to those works of his, where such an attribute is not so essential. Perhaps, his 'Galatea' at the Farnesina, and his little panels at the Loggia, might form exceptions, but exceptions that rather prove the general case, inasmuch as the size and subject of these frescos made power, as we call it *par excellence*, no requisite. In oils there was a sweetness, a purity, a source of refinement and perpetual amelioration more congenial to the mild, pains-taking, beauty-given spirit of this painter, than in the extempore and stubborn nature of fresco. Those ineffably gracious Madonnas and Holy Families—those portraits so full of deep metaphysical expression and character—those historical pictures replete with the noble, the charming, the sweetly sublime—those Cartoons, by good chance, perhaps, never painted nor transferred from the canvas—such are, to my mind, the works upon which Raffael's highest claim to immortality rests, though his frescos may be higher ground to rest it on. His very Sibylls at the Pace, and Isaiah at St. Agostino, which Lanzi asserts to "have all that Michael Angelo's want," (forgetting that Michael's too may have all that *they* want—as is precisely the fact—power), these would lamentably disappoint the tourist who relied upon the common text—that Raffael's forte is in fresco. After all, of the



great masters, Michael Angelo and Paul Veronese alone fully sustain their ultramontane characters when you approach them in Italy. You expect more from Titian than even his chefs-d'œuvre at Venice fulfil; from Parmegiano, Giorgione, Tintoretto, &c.; much, much more from the Caracci and their school, including Guido himself. Correggio may be said, indeed, to better his ground, for no one can have an adequate idea of this master, without seeing his frescoes at Parma. Compared with them, his very best easel-pictures are little-girlish, affected, and un-ideal. Fresco painting brought out the full breadth and grandeur of his soul. No St. Catherine kissing petticoats with the side of her cheek; no dainty fingered Madonnas handling baby-linen, with the gout of Hogarth's Jean Maigre savouring roast beef; no elaborate pasting and kneading of colours till the canvas looks like a dough cake; no importunity of chiaroscuro; but a stupendous generality and might of manner, the very widest play of hand, a rapid and contemptuous prostration of the greatest difficulties before him, and a spaciousness of light and shade reminding one of that thrown by the clouds themselves, and the sunshine, upon the face of nature. Verily, I am scarce exaggerating, though you know of old I love to give full outburst to my admiration as well as to my aversion. You could, I say, hardly contract your pupils to the 'St. Jerome' itself, after contemplating those enormous shells of sunlight at the Duomo, or those magnificent panels at St. Paul's, though none of them be a yard square, and the subjects of almost all, nothing but angelic chubbs, and cupids, and bare boys turning their rotundities to you and each other. *Manner* is the huge thing here; and, perhaps, in Michael himself, it is seldom more overpowering. Between the sticks of Correggio's oil and fresco brush, there seems to have been about the same difference, as between the spindle and the club of Hercules: by the first, you are only put in mind of the woman, you are beaten down by the latter with its mere sweeping and whirling above and about you. No hyperbole, I tell you; but, indeed, I grant that to feel these effects as a true virtuoso, one must have, like the shakers and tremblers, a tendency to the fine convulsions—a sort of epileptic facility upon all striking pictorial occasions. But really, the light from one of those shells is a sunstroke; it blinds you for the moment, and makes you a little foolish ever after.—

Rambling, you see, as usual. Where did I leave off? At Roman disappointments: well. The Vatican itself, after a gallery so select as that of Florence, where almost every marble is a miracle, has rather a refuse look about it. Among the sculptors are, to be sure, many "gems," as the newspapers would say, but the diamonds in miserable disproportion to the garnets and corals. One can easily imagine the picksome Medici to have carried off the Pitts and Regents from among them. That eternal despoiler of Rome too, bright Mammon, has ransacked this treasure-house of art over and over for its richest specimens, leaving but a very few of those which happened to be fixtures amongst the non-vendibles now accumulated from all quarters at the Vatican. A good proof of this is, that they have had to fill up with *Canovas*. Perseus stands cheek by jowl with the Apollo, by way of a *pendant*, and the Boxers beside the Laocoon, as rival specimens of the pure Grecian sublime! *Canova*, it is said, wept the full of St. Peter's well, when his 'Kneeling Pope' was lowered into it; but, I think, were he as proud of his Perseus and his Boxers, as an ape is of a belted skewer and red night-cap, he would have deplored the idolatry which thus exalted him as a golden calf beside the true divinity of Sculpture. Well: there is the 'Torso,' and the 'Guistiniani Minerva,' enough in herself to make Rome a pilgrimage.

With regard to the Capitol: you don't forget, I dare say, the chill of disappointment which came over me on our first walking through its Museum. I became almost a marble myself; gazing like a white-eyed Despair upon its single *chef-d'œuvre*, the 'Gladiator.' I am in the same state of petrification still. But how ridiculous! I had only to bethink me *what* and *where* were the great masterpieces of sculpture, and so find them with a few exceptions at London, Paris, and Florence. Why should I have expected to find so many at Rome too? But I don't know: one has heard such an eternal thunder-roll about the miracles at Rome, that one can hardly get one's senses together till one arrives, and finds the din little more than a dumb echo in the mighty desolation. What trumpeters and trumpets we tourists are! Well then, am I such a malcontent as to gainsay that Rome is still a great museum of sculpture and painting? richly worth a tour of the world to see? No: I am simply inclined to go in two, and make one half of myself buffet the other, as Hotspur says, for being so foolish and forgetful, as to expect Rome could be such a city of wonders, as those liars by prescription, travellers, pronounce it.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Benedictines of Saint Maur, just before the breaking out of the French revolution, had made arrangements for publishing a complete collection of all the contemporary chronicles of the Crusades; but the civil commotions dispersed the brethren before any steps were taken for the accomplishment of their project. It has now been revived, by the *Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, under the patronage of the government, and a committee has been formed to superintend the enterprise. The collection will be divided into three parts: the first will contain the western chronicles—French, English, Italian, German, &c.; the Greek historians will be contained in the second; and the third will include the oriental writers—Arabian, Syrian, Armenian, &c. Though the collection will be limited to original testimonies, the Persian, Turkish, and Rabbinical writers of later date will be consulted, and any circumstances that they relate, which seem to have been derived from more ancient authority or authentic tradition, will be extracted. The work will be illustrated by maps, and plates of armour and costume. It is intended to add historical, geographical, and critical notes, and to prefix to each division a general view of the state of the East during the period. The conductors of the publication have already obtained from Constantinople the portion of Ebn-Al-atir's history which was wanting in the MSS. of the Royal Library at Paris, and which was the more valuable as it related to the first thirty years of Holy Wars, a period for which oriental writers afford us very limited resources.

M. Salvolini, who has been long engaged at Leyden in studying the great collection of Egyptian antiquities belonging to the King of Holland, has recently returned to Paris, bringing an account of several important discoveries. He has copied twenty-four manuscripts, twelve of which are public deeds belonging to the age of the Pharaohs; one of them, superbly illuminated, belongs to the reign of Rameses the Great. He has acquired, besides, twelve contracts in *demotic* writing, of the age of the Lagides or Ptolemys; and part of a register of receipts in *hieratic* writing, containing the regnal year and day of the month for each item of expenditure. But, perhaps, the most interesting of his discoveries is a collection of Gnostic manuscripts, the only ones known to be in existence. One of these contains the Gnostic ritual, in *demotic* characters, and must elucidate the mysterious history of the great

heresy of the first century. Besides its ecclesiastical value, this MS. is important in another point of view; it contains a transcription, in Greek letters, of the names of four hundred demons mentioned in it; and M. Salvolini declares that this additional aid has enabled him to complete the grammatical analysis of the Rosetta Stone, which he is about to publish in the course of this year.

We noticed some time since, as worthy the attention of the curious in such matters, an illuminated MS., the work of Mr. Costello. We have just seen another by the same artist, now in the hands of Mr. Colnaghi of Cockspur-street, and equally beautiful. The subject is a Norman French poem of the fourteenth century, descriptive of the remarkable vows which were taken by Edward III. and his court, previous to his invasion of France. The date of the poem is about the year 1340, and it is interesting from the manner in which it illustrates the peculiar customs of chivalric times. The introduction, the notes, and appendices, contain much information on the subject of vows in general, and record many that are curious and remarkable. The style of the century to which the original MS. belongs has, we are informed, been carefully adhered to in Mr. Costello's illuminated copy, which is elaborately finished and highly ornamented.

The *Nouveau Journal Asiatique* has been placed for some time under the superintendence of M. Reinaud; and, under his administration, has contained many valuable extracts from rare oriental works, printed in their original characters, which furnish useful exercises to the students of eastern languages. The same gentleman is superintending a lithographed edition of the Geography of Abu'l-feda, about to be published at the joint expense of the French Government and the Asiatic Society of Paris.

The Abbé de la Rue, whose knowledge of the literature of the middle ages is unrivalled, announces that he is about to publish the fruits of those researches to which he has devoted a long life, in an 'Essay on the Norman and Anglo-Norman Bards, Jongleurs, et Trouvères.' His former works on Norman antiquities prove that he is well able to feel and represent the spirit, the freshness, and the originality of a school of literature almost wholly unknown to recent writers.

We have received from New York the first number of the *Literary and Theological Review*. It is designed to advocate what is usually called "the evangelical system of faith;" but, though the organ of a party, it is free from the virulence of party-feeling, all its articles being written in a moderate and conciliating spirit. The present number contains some information respecting Liberia; and an apology for slavery as it exists in the United States.

Music in France has sustained a severe loss in the death of Monsieur Choron. We regret to hear it rumoured that this was accelerated by anxiety of mind, occasioned by delay on the part of the present government in making good the sums which M. Choron had expended on the institution over which he presided, since the three glorious days. He was an accomplished master of vocal science; the author of one of the most elaborate works upon church composers now extant; and we cannot forget having heard his scholars execute Handel's oratorios with a vigour and point which our singers of sacred music might be glad to reach. It was in his school that Miss Clara Novello received much of her musical education.

It is reported that the Italian Opera-house is to re-open for a sort of after-season, at play-house prices. We hope not; there is a time for resting from music, as well as for listening to it.

Another rumour, going the round of the papers, states that Abbotsford is advertised to be let furnished for a term of years. If this be so, is it not time to come to some settlement of the subscription account?

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

THE legitimate season of this theatre having come to an end on Tuesday last with the opera of 'Il Barbiere,' and the ballet of 'Masaniello,' we cannot record its close without taking a slight review of its performances, and making a particular mention of the two new artists, whom it has brought before us, and confirmed in popular favour.

The season has been (as far as concerns the public) a most successful one, and that, in spite of one novelty only having been produced. But the advantages of such a company as we have had being stationary for the season, and its members thus becoming perfectly familiar with the style of each other's singing, as well as the music they had to perform, and of a well-disciplined chorus, have been appreciated as they deserved, and have made us willing to overlook the tediousness of a many-times told tale. Let us hope to fare as well next year in the matter of singers (we can never do without Tamburini), but better in the chapter of novelty.

And yet, with the remembrance of 'La Gazza' and 'Il Barbiere' fresh in our minds, we cannot be extreme in finding fault; and we must thank M. Laporte for a new, and very great pleasure, which his making us acquainted with Grisi has afforded us. Always efficient, always welcome as she has been, it is our opinion that she is far from having reached the fulness of her powers. We should say that her performance of the character of *Ninetta* was her best and only faultless serious effort:—her *Rosina* left us nothing to wish. In other parts she undertook there were brilliant points (as, for instance, her splendid recitatives in 'Don Giovanni'), but a want of sustained energy. In one or two cases she was more anxious to show the perfect control she possessed over her voice, than to be *Desdemona*, or *Pamina*, or *Anna Bolena*; and became in her *solos* a mere singing machine, instead of continuing the sentiment or passion of her part. But this is a fault which time will correct: mind will rise superior to mechanism; and we look forward with confident anticipation to the day when she may challenge a Pasta or Schroeder on their own ground, without the chance of a defeat. We offer her, with our adieux, our sincerest hopes for her speedy return to us. We are sure that every month that passes over her must mature her powers; as to voice, and skill in the management of it, she has nothing to desire or to learn.

We must likewise notice with pleasure the introduction of Ivanoff to an English audience, and his success. He, too, is to attain a far higher point of excellence than he has yet reached, if we are true prophets. With such a perfect voice as he possesses, and such feeling as he has given evidence of, we have a right to look for much from this young artist. With the rest of the corps who are worthy of mention, the public is more familiar. Let the *entrepreneur* only add to their numbers Donzelli and an efficient *contralto* for the next season, and we shall be more than satisfied.

## THEATRICALS

## THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A comic legendary drama, in two acts, called 'The Dead Guest,' was brought out here on Monday last. If we remember rightly, the subject is borrowed from a book of tales by a gentleman whose name is ZSCHOKKE. Some of our readers will recollect him as "the Swiss

Walter Scott;" and others may call him to mind, when we say that his name is pronounced *choak*;—at least, let any Englishman fill his mouth with the string of consonants of which it is composed, and then try to pronounce it, and if he does not find it *choak*, it won't be far from it. The legend runs, that a certain Gentleman in Black pays a visit to a certain German town once every hundred years, and that on each occasion he obtains a transfer of the affections of three brides from their bridegrooms to himself, and that the ladies are, each and every, found dead the next morning, their necks being so twisted that their faces are caused to change positions with the backs of their heads. An old legend is, we suppose, a matter too sacred to be attacked now-a-days, or else we should be inclined to question the correctness with which this has been handed down to us. The Gentleman in Black must surely have turned the ladies' heads over-night, or they never would have left their new mates to follow him. In the piece, the legend itself is turned round, and made comic, instead of serious. Mr. John Reeve arrives to marry a lady to whom he has been betrothed; and as he is wanted out of the way by another gentleman, whom the lady likes better, advantage is taken of his happening to be dressed in black, and of the day on which he arrives happening to be the exact hundred years from the previous murder, to create a general horror against him, by giving out that he is the actual monster. Some laughable situations and broad fun arise out of the mistake, and, assisted by some very pretty music of Mr. A. Lee's, the piece went fairly through to its conclusion. That it will go better, will be considered as almost a matter of course, when we say that its chief author is Mr. Peake. We say *chief*, because we understand that it was, in the first instance, written by a gentleman of the name of Becke, but that it has since been altered, indeed all but re-written, by Mr. Peake. All the music is pleasing, and some of it deserves considerable praise,—in particular two choruses, in one of which the "musical hurrah" is most delightfully introduced; and a song written, it would seem, for Mrs. Waylett, and very nicely, though somewhat too timidly, sung by Miss Novello. If this young lady had a little of (we won't use a harsh term) modest assurance which distinguishes many who have not half her talent, she would soon displace them, and the change would be the better both for herself and the public. She comes from an excellent family-school for music; she possesses a very pleasing voice, and her ear is as correct as a bell—that is correct.

## MISCELLANEA

## The Duke of Buckingham's Collection of Prints.—

We omitted, from accident, last week to notice, that the sale of this very extensive cabinet of art has, after thirty days, been brought to a termination; Mr. H. Phillips having dispersed in that time no less than four thousand and fifty-eight lots of the highest order of calographic art among the amateurs of Europe. Since the great sale of Sir Mark Sykes, in 1824, no collection of prints of equal importance has been brought to public competition in England, nor, as we believe, in Europe: hence arose the great interest of the present sale, and the more than ordinary number of foreign agents by whom it was attended. The Sykes collection occupied the same portion of time in selling, and consisted of three thousand eight hundred and forty-two lots; and although the elements of the two collections were essentially different, they were equally interesting in their respective departments. Sir Mark Sykes stood unrivalled for his inestimable series of rare English portraits, and for the superb collection

of the works of Marc Antonio and the Italian masters, which he had culled with unceasing perseverance and liberality in every quarter of that classic land; and the competition which his prints invariably produce, whenever offered for sale, marks the high estimation in which the Italian specimens from his collection are held by amateurs. The Duke of Buckingham's cabinet took a wider range; less perfect in its two great classes of English portraits and Italian masters, in which its competitor stood unrivalled, though without a single specimen either of the Dutch or German schools, the Buckingham collection exhibited the rarest and finest specimens of almost every master of every school. Among the French prints we find the interesting and noted proof of Raphael's Holy Family, engraved by Edelinck, of which the Duke of Saxe Teschen's museum boasts the only other in existence. This print was always an object of great interest to the French Government, and the catalogue informs us that five thousand francs were offered for it, to enrich their museum, and declined. Their agent was the purchaser on this occasion. The Duke of Bedford obtained the unique proof of *Il Marbette*, or the *Pest*, by Marc Antonio, for 57l. 10s.; and the British Museum added largely to its Lucas van Leydens. But the great interest of the collection lay in its extensive series of Rembrandt's etchings, as the Duke of Buckingham was known to possess many of the most valuable and some unique specimens of this great artist's works, from the Vinde, Dijonval, Hibbert, and other cabinets, which had been broken up, and bought by him at any prices. The whole of these, however, were purchased prior to the sale, and thus retained in England, to the disappointment of unlimited commissions, principally from France and Holland.

*Coleridge a private Soldier.*—We extract the following remarks from *The Times*, to which journal they were communicated by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, on the fact stated in our paper a fortnight ago:—

"Upon this singular fact, or what might be called in the metaphysician's own language 'psychological curiosity,' I trespass for a minute on your time and paper, as I am, perhaps, the only person now living who can explain all the circumstances from Mr. Coleridge's own mouth, with whom I became acquainted after a sonnet addressed to me in his poems; moreover, being intimate from our school days, and at Oxford, with that very officer in his regiment who alone procured his discharge, from whom also I heard the facts after Coleridge became known as a poet.

"The regiment was the 15th Elliot's Light Dragoons; the officer was Nathaniel Ogle, eldest son of Dr. Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester, and brother of the late Mrs. Sheridan; he was a scholar, and leaving Merton College, he entered this regiment a cornet. Some years afterwards, I believe he was then Captain of Coleridge's troop, going into the stables, at Reading, he remarked written on the white wall, under one of the saddles, in large pencil characters, the following sentence, in Latin,

'Eheu! quam infortunatū miserrimum est fuisse felicem!'

"Being struck with the circumstance, and himself a scholar, Captain Ogle inquired of a soldier whether he knew to whom the saddle belonged. 'Please your honour, to Comberback,' answered the dragoon. 'Comberback!' said his captain, 'send him to me.' Comberback presented himself, with the inside of his hand in front of his cap. His officer mildly said, 'Comberback, did you write the Latin sentence which I have just read under your saddle?' 'Please your honour,' answered the soldier, 'I wrote it.' 'Then, my lad, you are not what you appear to be. I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend.' The commanding officer, I think, was General Churchill.

Comberback† was examined, and it was found out, that having left Jesus College, Cambridge, and being in London without resources, he had enlisted in this regiment. He was soon discharged,—not from his democratical feelings, for whatever those feelings might be, as a soldier he was remarkably orderly and obedient, though he could not rub down his own horse. He was discharged from respect to his friends and his station. His friends having been informed of his situation, a chaise was soon at the door of the Bear Inn, Reading, and the officers of the 15th cordially shaking his hands, particularly the officer who had been the means of his discharge, he drove off, not without a tear in his eye, whilst his old companions of the tap-room† gave him three hearty cheers as the wheels rapidly rolled away along the Bath road to London and Cambridge.

*Carriages propelled by Wind.*—An experiment has been made at Paris, with a coach propelled by wind. It is styled *voiture à voiles l'Eolienne*. It started from the Ecole Militaire with a south-east wind, and reached the Place Louis XV. It is stated as remarkable, that during the progress of this experiment there was a violent gust of wind, and that the carriage ascended the Pont

“When he enlisted he was asked his name. He hesitated, but saw the name Comberback over a shop door near Westminster Bridge, and instantly said his name was ‘Comberback.’”

“It should be mentioned, that by far the most correct, judicious, chaste, and beautiful of his poems, *meo judicio*, ‘Religious Musings,’ was written, *non inter sylvas academi*, but in the tap-room at Reading. A fine subject for a painting by Wilkie.”

Louis XV. with a wind which was almost contrary. Another similar invention is, an aerial ship destined for long aerial voyages, which is capable of containing seventeen persons. This ship has been exhibited for some time at Paris. It is said to be of very ingenious construction, and the machinery is of the most curious description.

*New Division of Russia.*—We perceive by a paper devoted to agriculture published at St. Petersburg, that a new division of Russia has been made, not regulated by climate, temperature or population, but by the difference of the products of the soil. The divisions are eight in number, from there being eight different species of produce. They are as follows: 1. The district of iron; 2. the moss land; 3. forests and pastures; 4. lands and barley district, which were before uncultivated; 5. rye and flax; 6. wheat and fruit; 7. maize and wine; 8. olives, sugarcane and silk-worms.

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## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY,

AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.	
	Barom.	Attach. Thermo.	Barom.	Attach. Thermo.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.					
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest				
JULY	T 1	30.319	71.2	30.220	69.8	55	63.2	67.0	51.4	67.6		NE	Lightly cloudy and overcast.—Evening, lowering.
	W 2	30.080	65.3	30.033	69.2	56	61.7	71.2	55.8	71.8		NNE	{ Light rain.—A.M. Slightly lowering. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening clear.
	T 3	30.089	64.7	30.059	68.7	55	59.8	73.2	55.7	73.7		N	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	F 4	30.172	65.4	30.132	69.3	56	62.7	75.8	55.4	76.4		NE	{ Light wind.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine and cloudless. Evening, fine—light light clouds.
	S 5	30.107	65.9	30.030	71.0	58	62.7	74.2	56.7	77.1		N	{ A.M. Overcast—light wind.—P.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. Night, heavy rain.
	● M 6	29.988	68.2	29.983	70.7	63	65.2	66.3	62.7	70.1	.389	E	{ A.M. Overcast. Noon, continued thunder with light rain. P.M. Clear—lowering.
	M 7	29.994	71.2	29.954	72.6	61	67.8	73.3	61.8	75.7	.083	WSW	Clear—cloudy.—Evening, light rain.
	T 8	29.893	71.3	29.909	72.8	65	66.8	73.7	61.7	75.3	.011	SSE	A.M. Rain. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	W 9	30.134	71.7	30.156	71.8	55	64.2	68.5	57.8	71.2	.111	NW	A.M. Lowering—light haze. P.M. Lightly overcast. Evening, clear.
	T 10	30.105	75.2	30.057	72.4	56	69.1	69.5	58.2	73.4		SSE	Lightly cloudy.—Evening, fine and clear—light breeze.
	F 11	30.132	74.7	30.057	73.2	55	68.2	73.9	56.2	76.3		WSW	{ Fine—nearly cloudless.—A.M. Light clouds, and cloudless. P.M. Clear.
	S 12	29.887	77.4	29.823	73.6	60	73.9	75.8	56.7	78.2		SSW	Fine and clear—nearly cloudless.—Light wind, a.m.
	● M 13	29.920	75.8	29.908	74.4	55	68.2	74.2	62.4	75.8		WSW	A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine and clear—a few light clouds.
	M 14	30.045	71.8	30.071	74.3	54	68.7	75.4	60.7	77.0		WSW	{ Fine.—A.M. Clear—cloudy. P.M. Light clouds. Evening, cloudless.
	T 15	30.263	77.3	30.239	74.8	57	70.8	77.6	59.3	79.7		SSW	Clear and cloudless.
	W 16	30.282	73.6	30.220	75.4	61	71.6	80.6	62.1	81.6		WSW	Fine and cloudless.—Evening, clear.
	T 17	30.186	79.3	30.089	77.8	60	74.7	85.2	64.0	86.7		WSW	{ Fine and cloudless—haze.—Evening, clear. Night, light un- steady breeze.
	F 18	29.809	78.4	29.724	74.8	67	74.7	68.0	64.8	85.2		E	{ Light breeze unsteady wind.—A.M. Fine—light soft clouds. P.M. Dark—continued rain: thunder-storm at 7 1/2 h.
	S 19	29.508	72.3	29.595	71.3	63	63.2	60.6	63.2	65.4	.944	WSW	Continued rain.
	○ M 20	29.747	73.5	29.748	72.7	59	62.9	66.2	56.4	68.7	.203	SW	{ Fine—showery.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Clear—broken clouds —light wind.
	M 21	29.760	70.1	29.784	69.6	58	62.7	65.7	58.8	68.4	.056	SE	Lowering—light rain.—Evening, fine—cloudy: distant thunder.
	T 22	29.944	67.8	29.994	71.3	61	65.5	66.7	57.0	73.7	.014	ESE	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and haze. P.M. Cloudy and overcast —occasional light showers: distant thunder at 3 1/2 h.
	W 23	30.076	72.2	30.031	71.7	60	67.9	73.4	59.1	75.8		E	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—haze. P.M. Lightly cloudy.
	T 24	30.067	70.3	30.043	72.2	61	66.8	70.3	61.3	73.7		NNE	A.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine and clear—light clouds.
	F 25	30.059	68.6	30.031	71.9	60	63.8	73.8	59.8	74.7		W	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine and clear—light clouds.
	S 26	29.936	71.4	29.816	72.9	57	65.4	70.3	58.7	74.5	.056	WSW	Lightly overcast.—Fine, a.m.
	○ M 27	29.677	66.3	29.791	69.8	60	60.7	65.5	55.7	69.0		E	{ A.M. Overcast.—P.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. Evening, clear. Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—streaked cloudiness. P.M. Light clouds. Midnight, thunder storm.
	M 28	30.027	72.3	30.030	72.4	57	68.5	73.2	57.2	74.5		E	Lowering—light wind—light h. to 5 h. p.m. distant thunder.
	T 29	30.019	70.0	29.996	73.3	69	69.2	79.2	62.9	80.3	.339	E	{ A.M. Continued rain. Noon, heavy clouds. P.M. Fine and very clear—light clouds and breeze.
	W 30	29.871	70.4	29.907	74.5	65	65.7	73.5	63.7	75.2	.958	E	{ A.M. Broken clouds: light rain from 7 h. to 10 h. P.M. Over- cast and foggy: rain from 12 1/2 h. to 2 h.
	T 31	29.829	69.4	29.819	70.6	63	64.4	67.0	62.0	69.6	.200	NNE	
MEANS...	29.998	71.4	29.976	72.3	59.4	66.5	71.9	59.3	74.7	Sum. 3.364		Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. ....	9 A.M. 29.876 3 P.M. 29.853



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